CAPTAIN AMERICA

A MARVEL MAGAZINE

NO. 60

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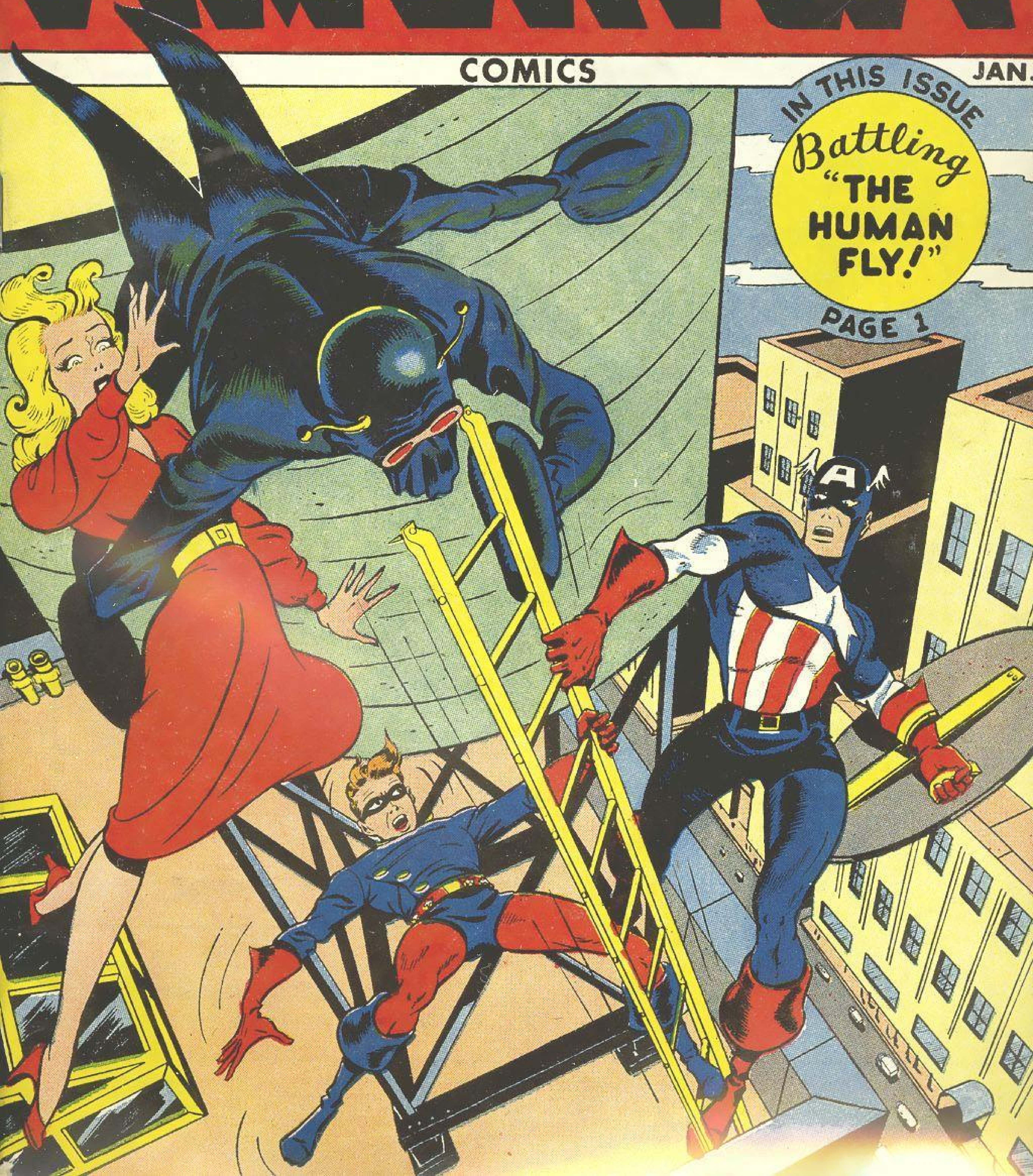

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Battling "THE HUMAN FLY!"

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CAPTAIN AMERICA

From the Secret Files of Captain America

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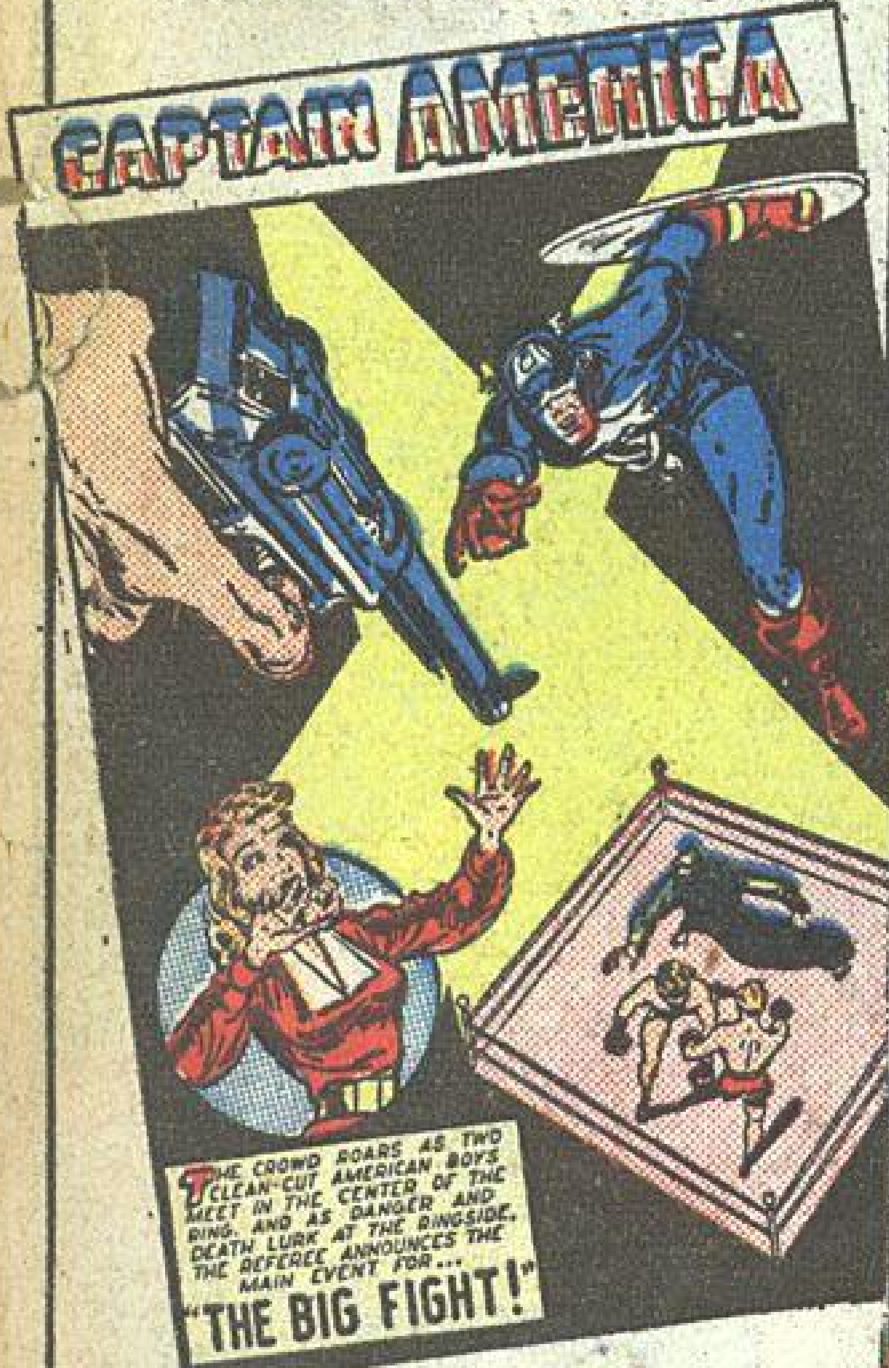
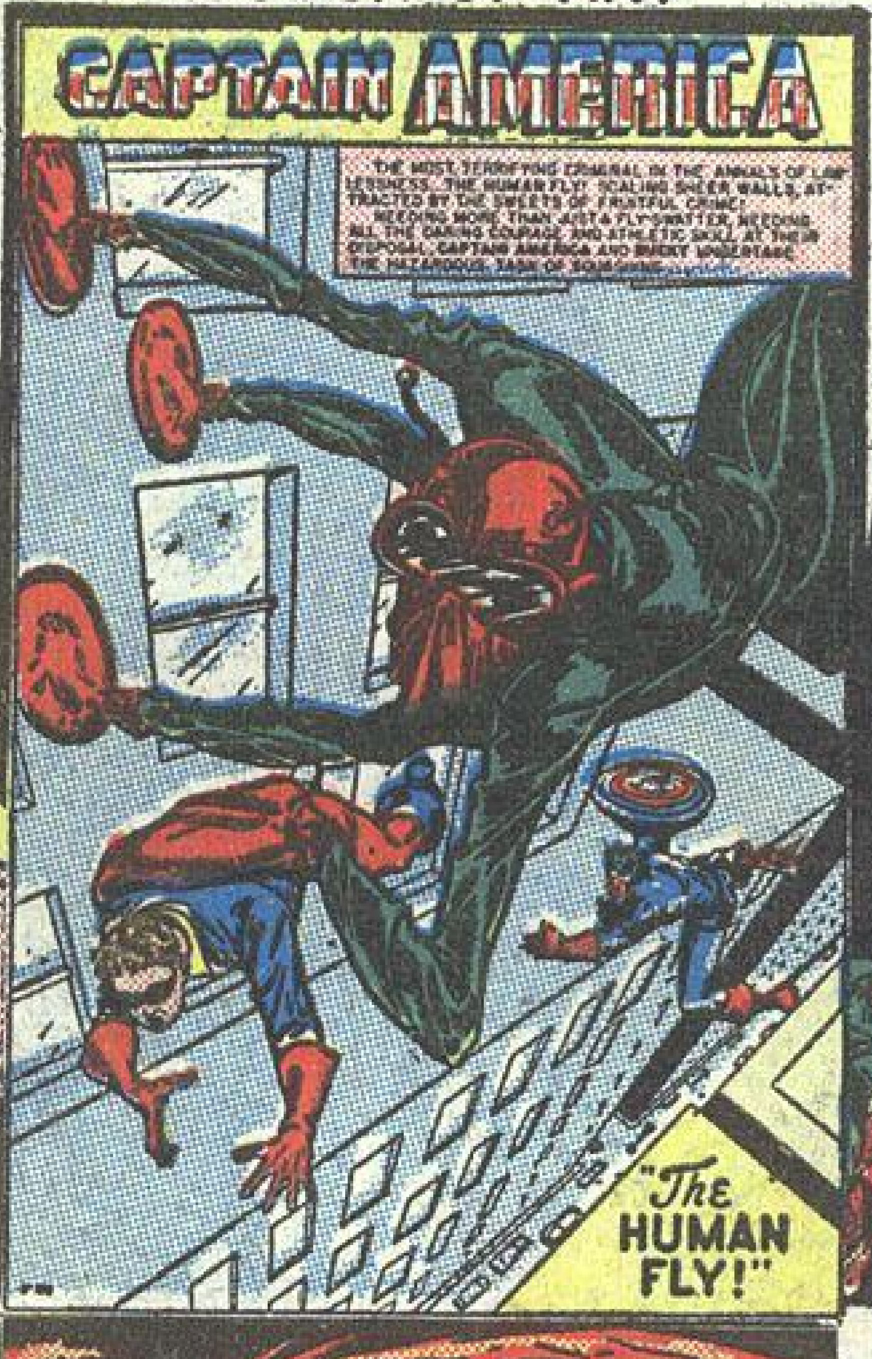
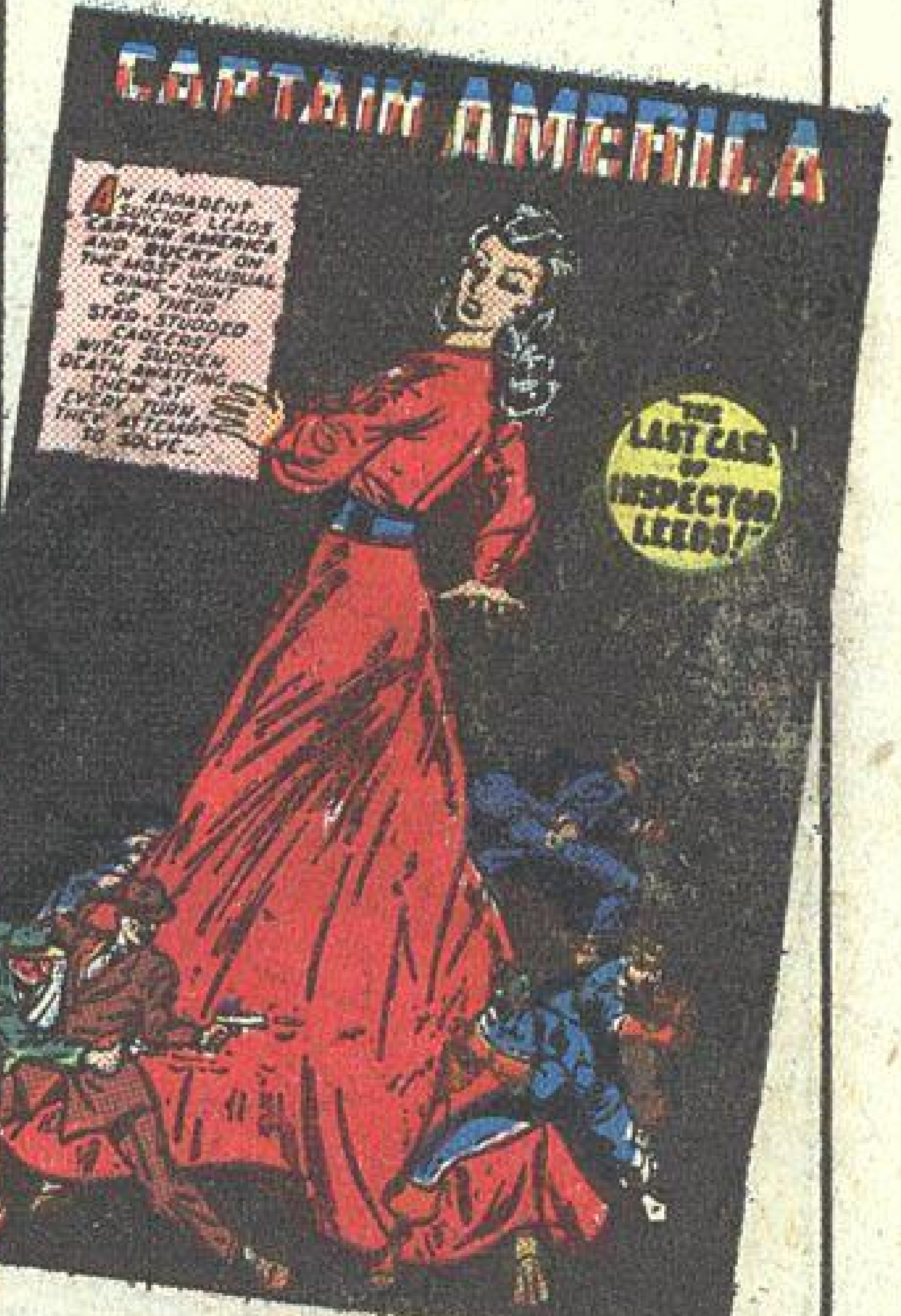
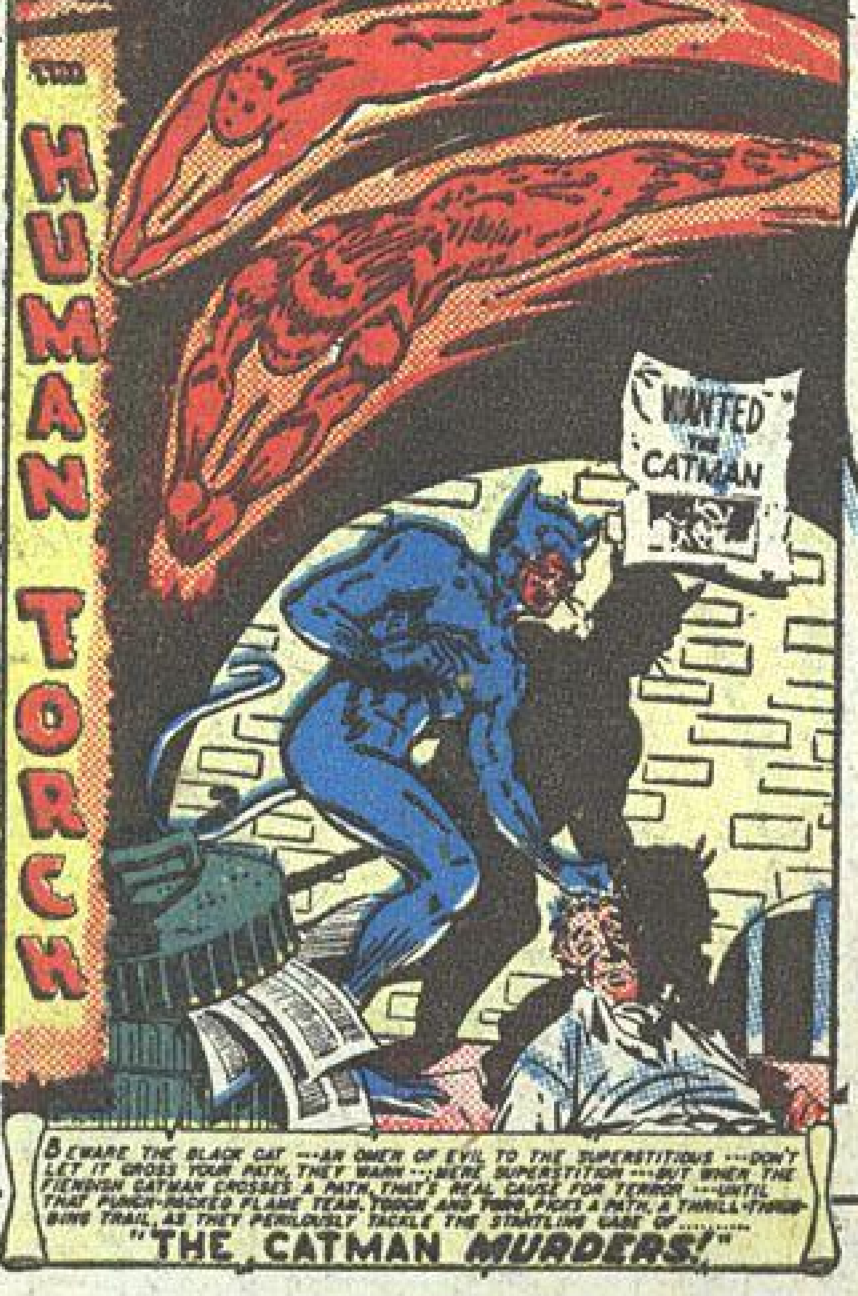

CAPTAIN AMERICA
THE CROWD ROARS AS TWO CLEAN-CUT AMERICAN BOYS MEET IN THE CENTER OF THE RING, AND AS DANGER AND DEATH LURK AT THE RINGSIDE, THE REFEREE ANNOUNCES THE MAIN EVENT FOR...
"THE BIG FIGHT!"


CAPTAIN AMERICA
THE MOST TERRIFYING CRIMINAL IN THE ANNALS OF LAWLESSNESS, THE HUMAN FLY, SCALING SHEER WALLS, ATTRACTED BY THE SWEETS OF FRUITFUL CRIME! NEEDING MORE THAN JUST A FLY-SWATTER, NEEDING ALL THE DARING COURAGE AND ATHLETIC SKILL AT THEIR DISPOSAL, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY UNDERTAKE THE HAZARDOUS TASK OF SQUASHING...
"THE HUMAN FLY!"

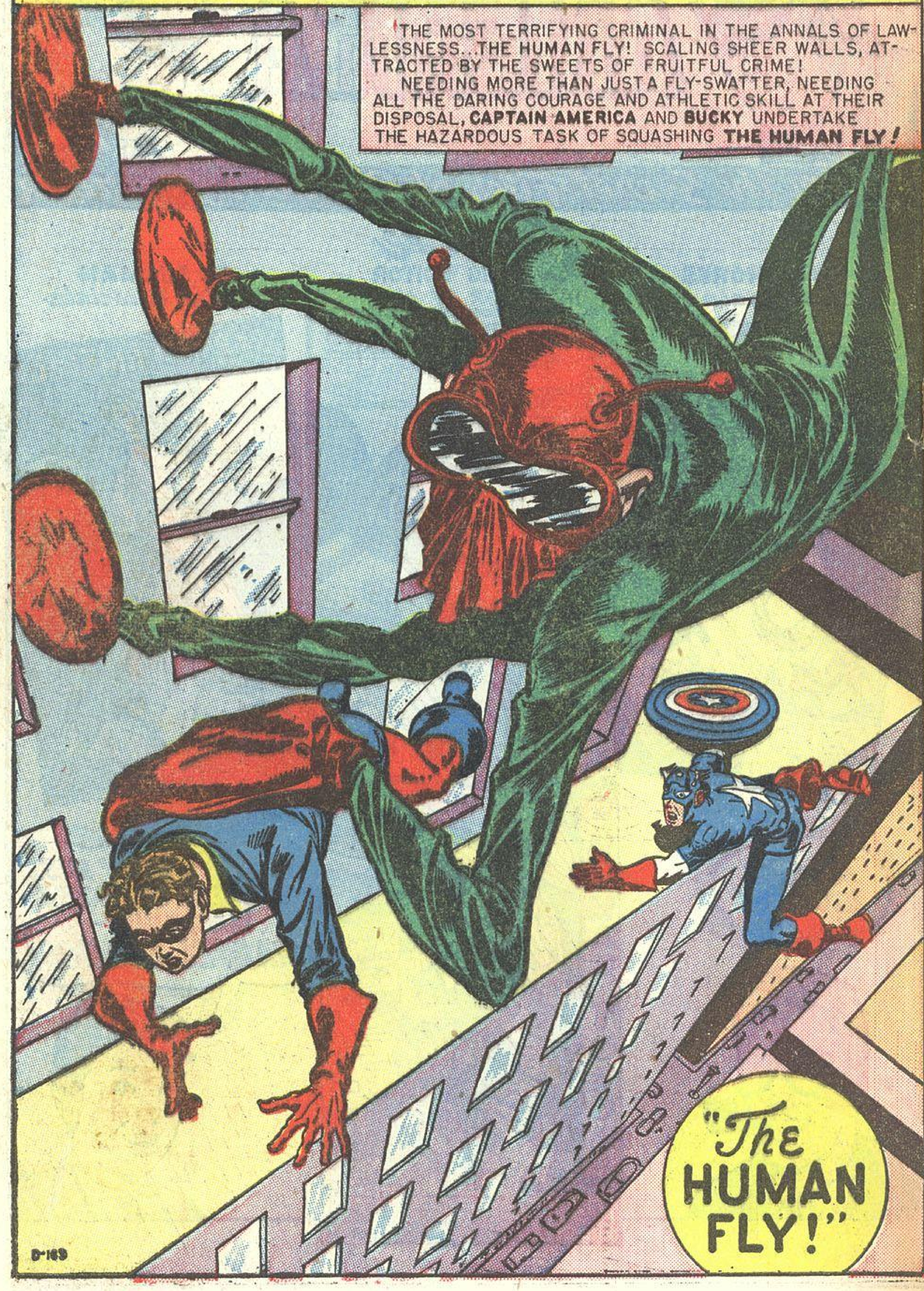

CAPTAIN AMERICA
AN APPARENT SUICIDE LEADS CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY ON THE MOST UNUSUAL CRIME-HUNT OF THEIR STAR-STUDDED CAREERS! WITH SUDDEN DEATH AWAITING THEM AT EVERY TURN IN THEIR ATTEMPT TO SOLVE...
"THE LAST CASE OF INSPECTOR LEEDS!"

4 GREAT STORIES!


THE HUMAN TORCH
WANTED THE CATMAN
BEWARE THE BLACK CAT --AN OMEN OF EVIL TO THE SUPERSTITIOUS --DON'T LET IT CROSS YOUR PATH, THEY WARN --MERE SUPERSTITION --BUT WHEN THE FIENDISH CATMAN CROSSES A PATH, THAT'S REAL CAUSE FOR TERROR --UNTIL THAT POWER-PACKED FLAME TEAM, TORCH AND TORO, PICKS A PATH, A THRILL-THROBBING TRAIL, AS THEY PERILOUSLY TACKLE THE STARTLING CASE OF........
"THE CATMAN MURDERS!"

AND KIDS, DON'T MISS OUR SWELL COMPANION MAGAZINE-- MARVEL COMICS!

CAPTAIN AMERICA


"THE MOST TERRIFYING CRIMINAL IN THE ANNALS OF LAWLESSNESS...THE HUMAN FLY! SCALING SHEER WALLS, ATTRACTED BY THE SWEETS OF FRUITFUL CRIME!
NEEDING MORE THAN JUST A FLY-SWATTER, NEEDING ALL THE DARING COURAGE AND ATHLETIC SKILL AT THEIR DISPOSAL, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY UNDERTAKE THE HAZARDOUS TASK OF SQUASHING THE HUMAN FLY!
"The HUMAN FLY!"
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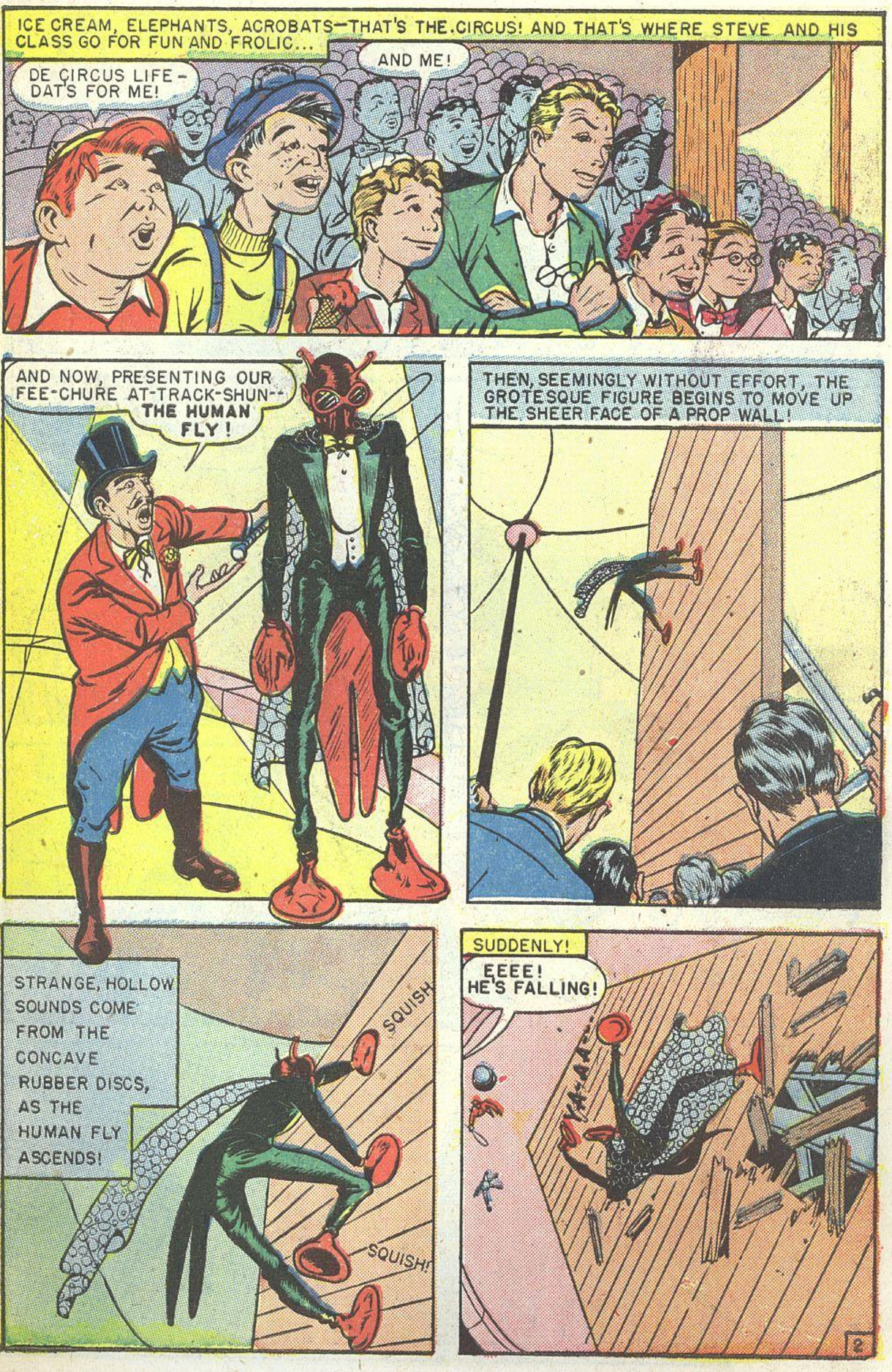
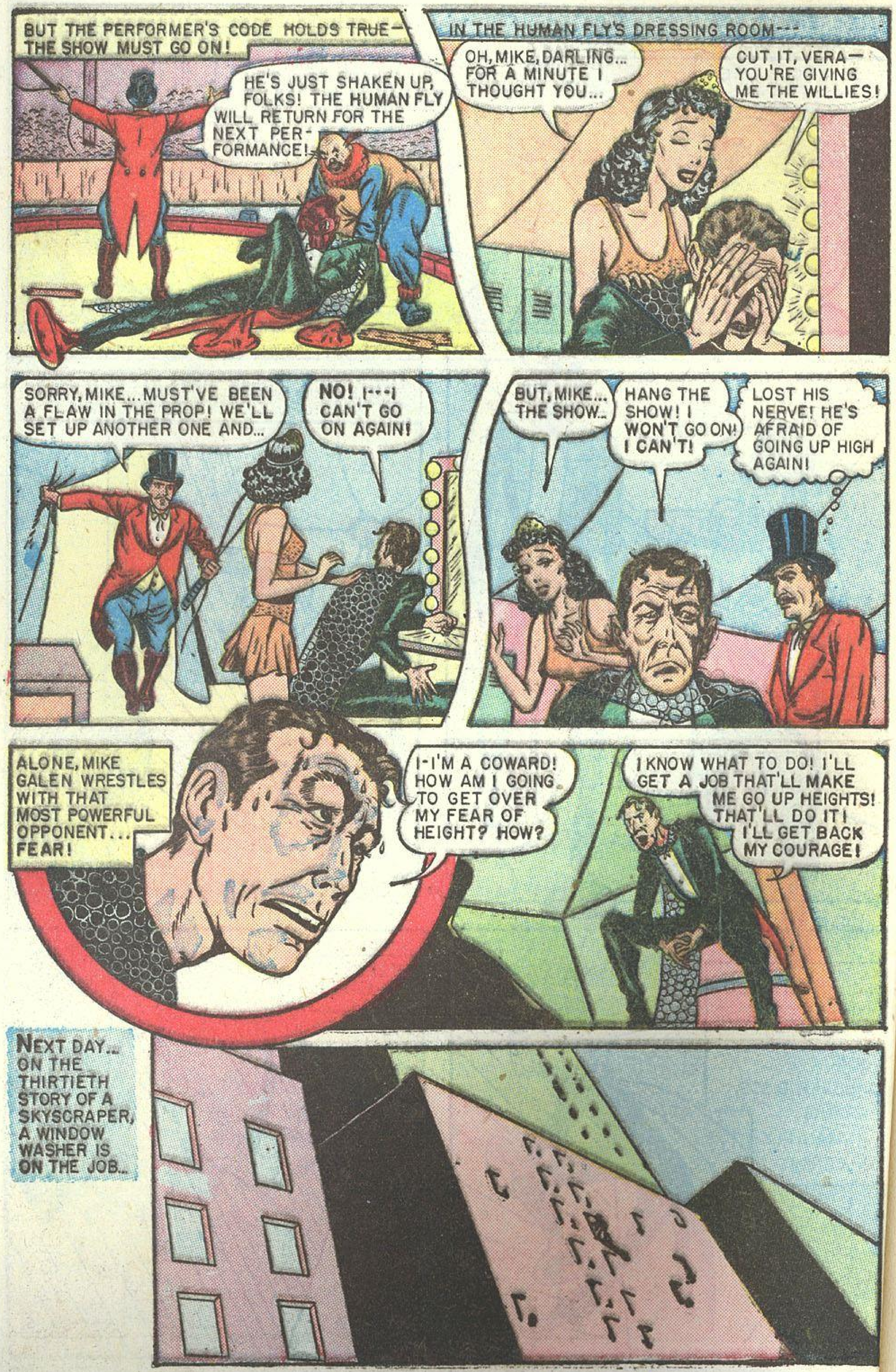
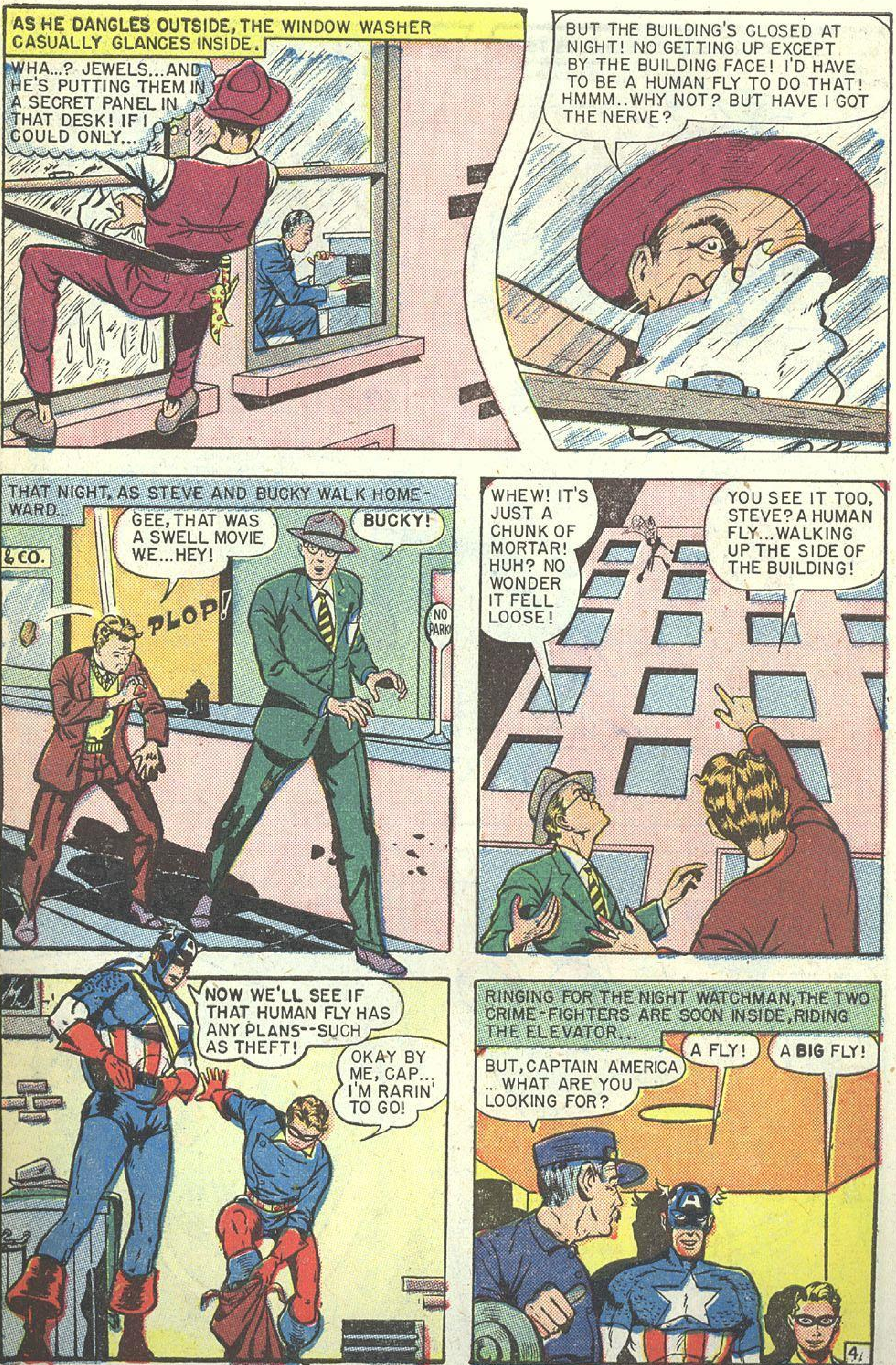
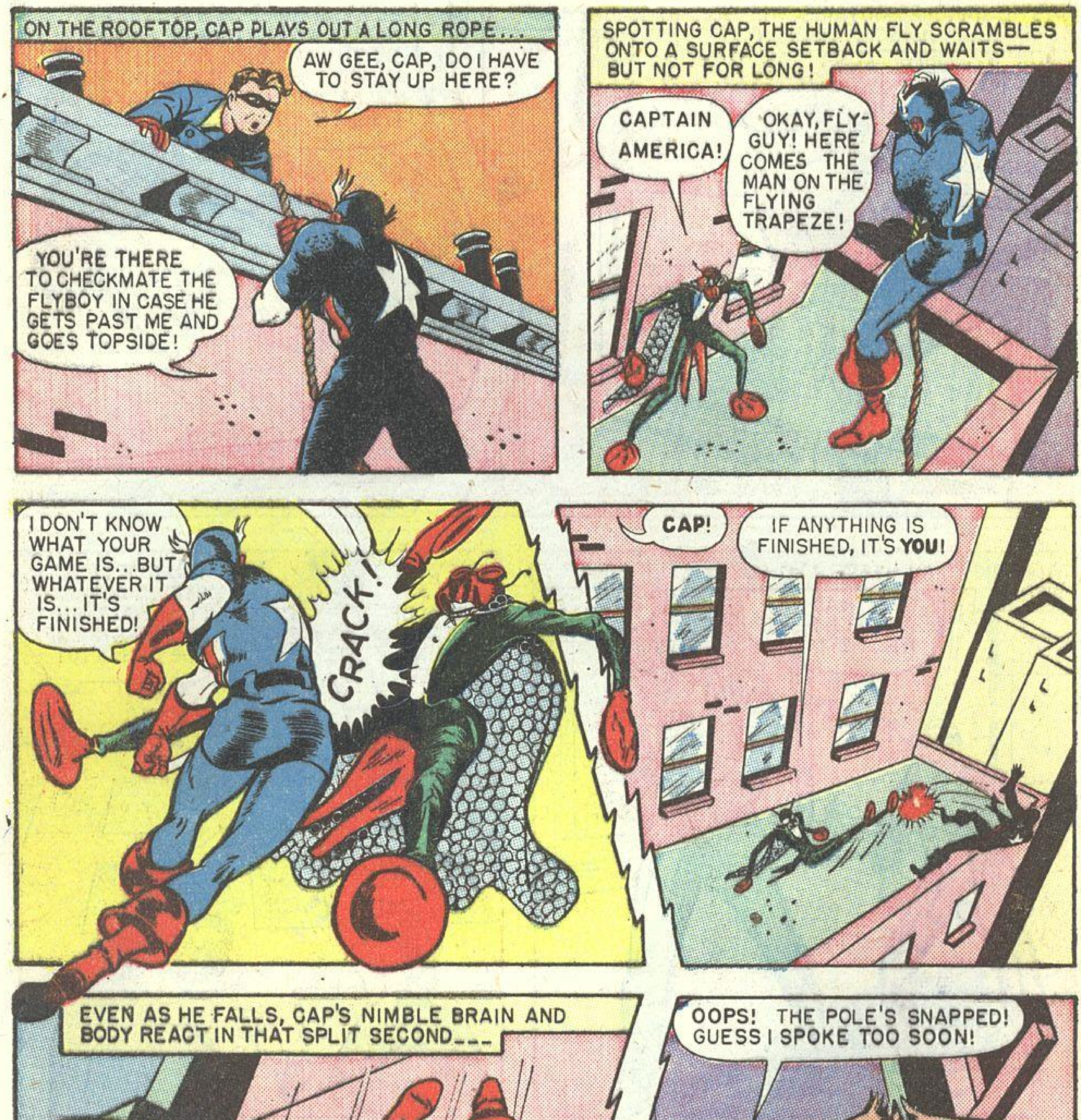
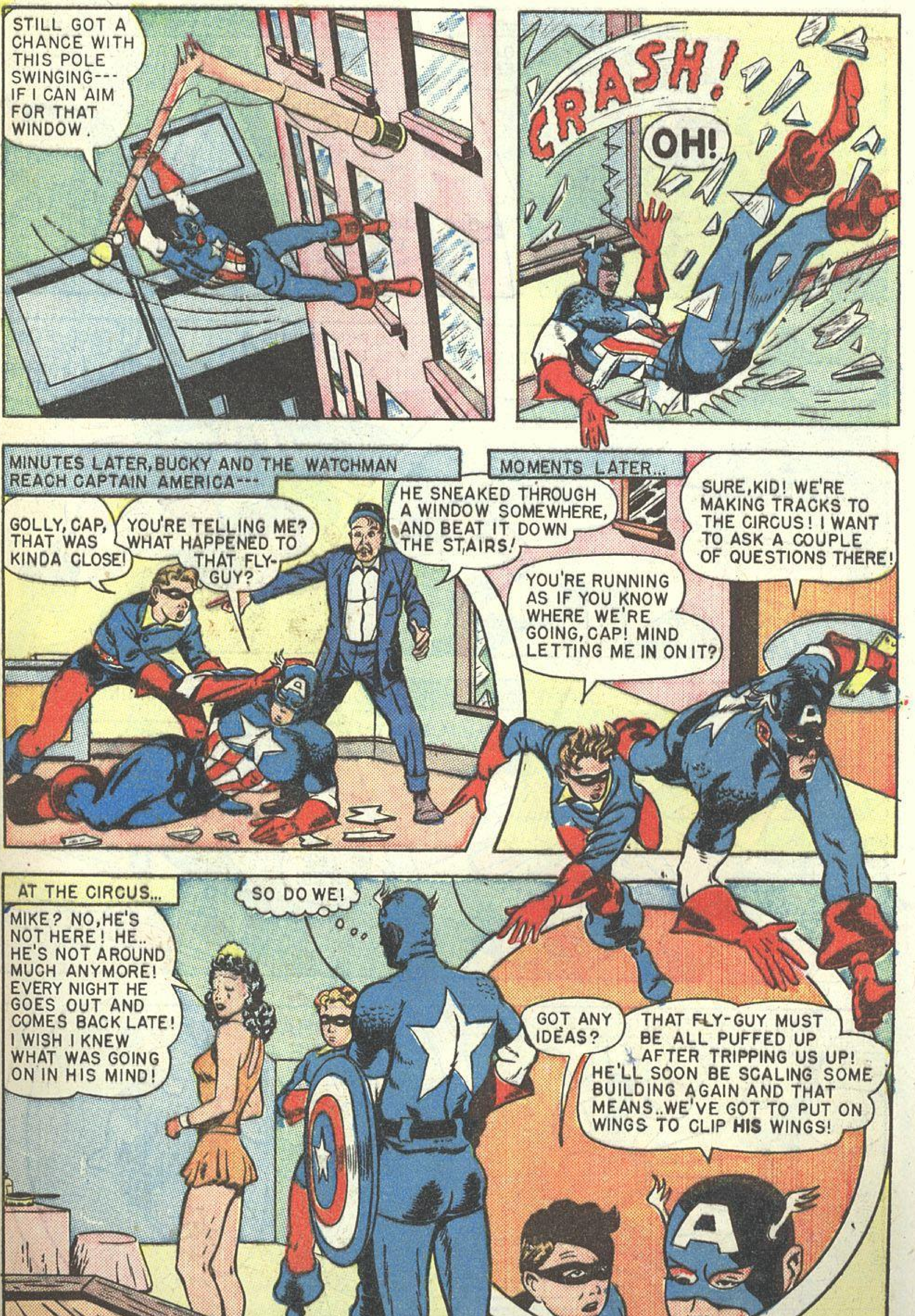
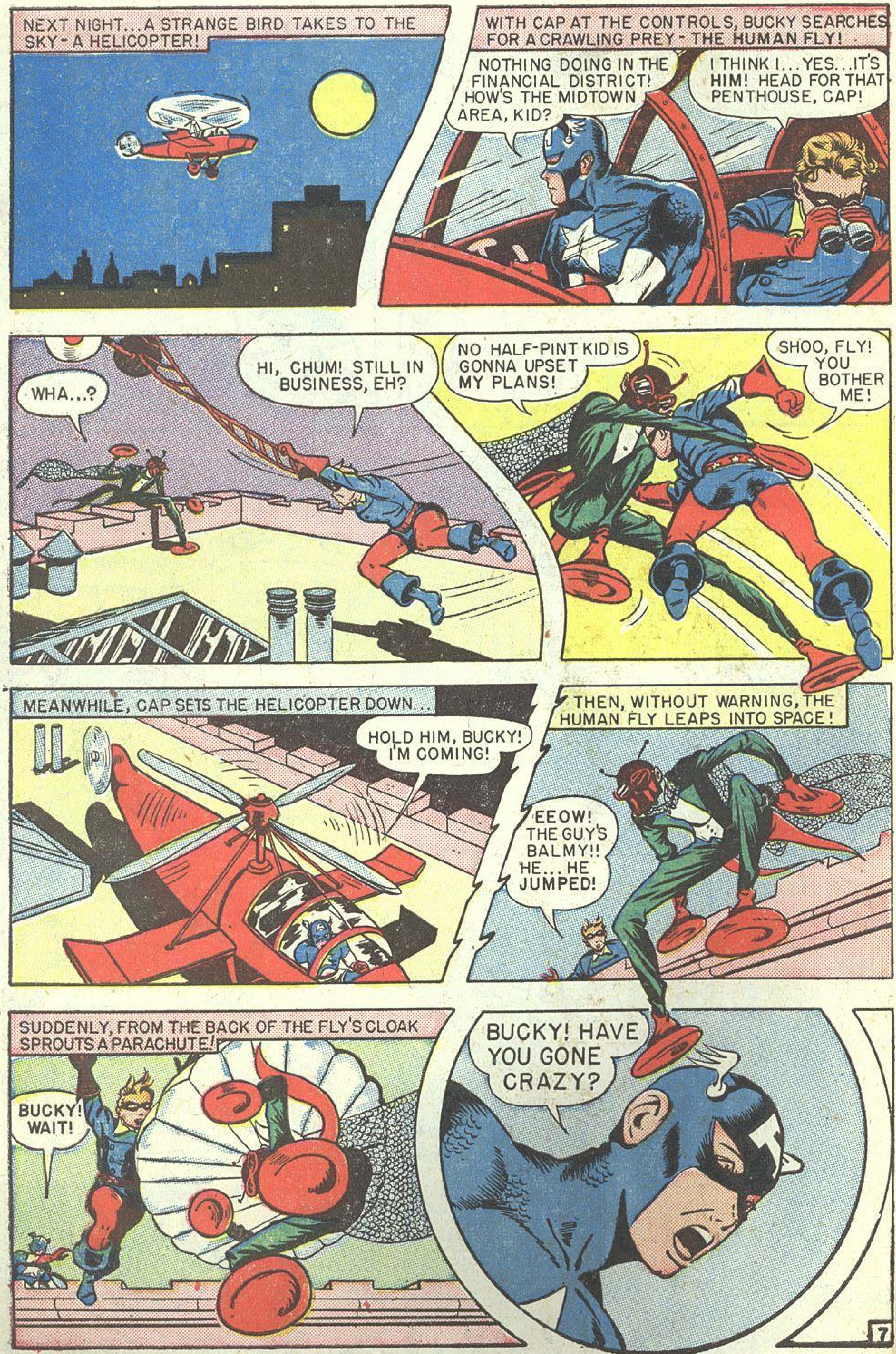

ICE CREAM, ELEPHANTS, ACROBATS—THAT'S THE CIRCUS! AND THAT'S WHERE STEVE AND HIS CLASS GO FOR FUN AND FROLIC...
DE CIRCUS LIFE - DAT'S FOR ME!
AND ME!
AND NOW, PRESENTING OUR FEE-CHURE AT-TRACK-SHUN-- **THE HUMAN FLY!**
THEN, SEEMINGLY WITHOUT EFFORT, THE GROTESQUE FIGURE BEGINS TO MOVE UP THE SHEER FACE OF A PROP WALL!
STRANGE, HOLLOW SOUNDS COME FROM THE CONCAVE RUBBER DISCS, AS THE HUMAN FLY ASCENDS!
SQUISH!
SQUISH!
SUDDENLY!
EEEE! HE'S FALLING!
YA-AA...

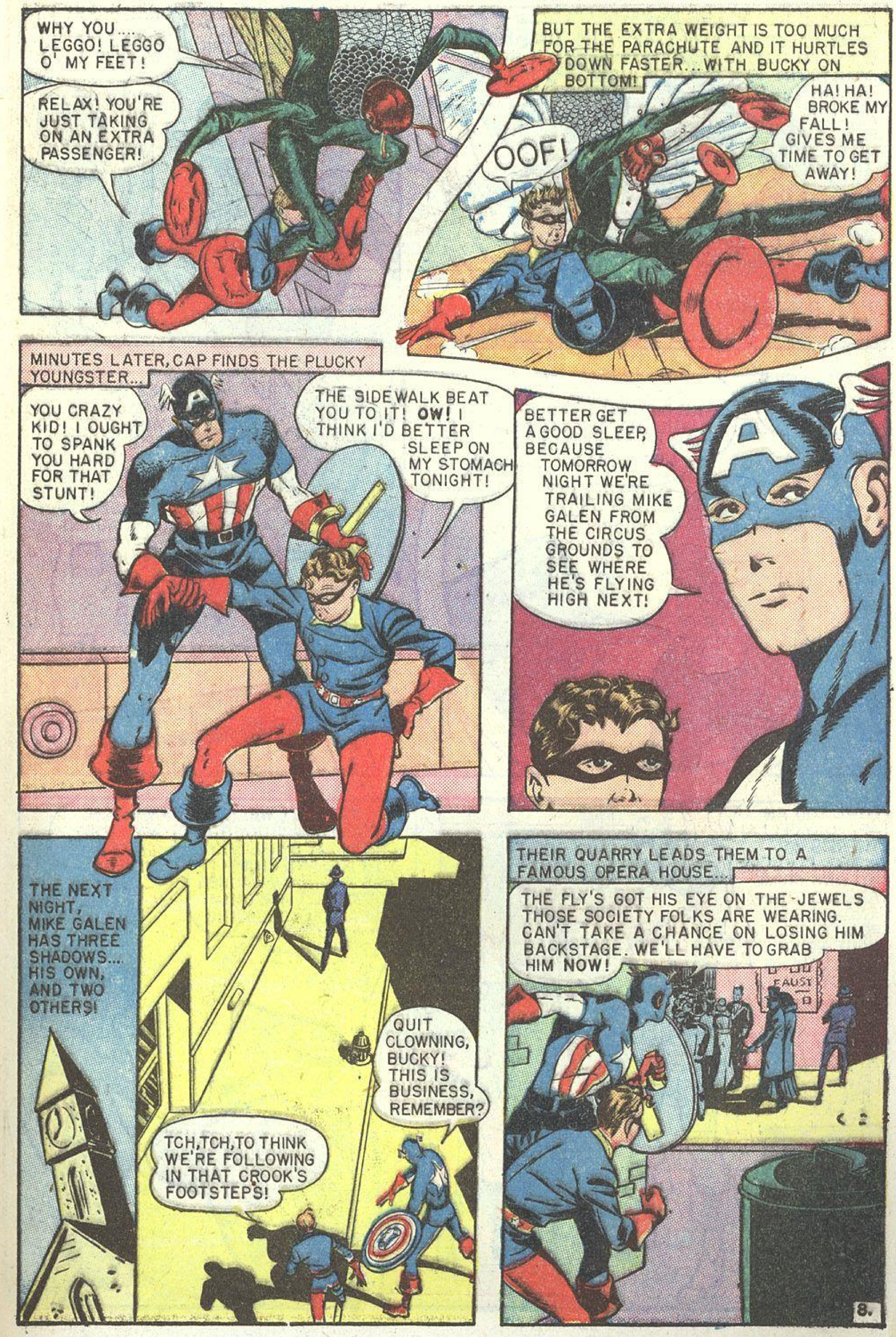

BUT THE PERFORMER'S CODE HOLDS TRUE—THE SHOW MUST GO ON!
HE'S JUST SHAKEN UP, FOLKS! THE HUMAN FLY WILL RETURN FOR THE NEXT PERFORMANCE!
IN THE HUMAN FLY'S DRESSING ROOM---
OH, MIKE, DARLING... FOR A MINUTE I THOUGHT YOU...
CUT IT, VERA—YOU'RE GIVING ME THE WILLIES!
SORRY, MIKE... MUST'VE BEEN A FLAW IN THE PROP! WE'LL SET UP ANOTHER ONE AND...
NO! I---I CAN'T GO ON AGAIN!
BUT, MIKE... THE SHOW...
HANG THE SHOW! I WON'T GO ON! I CAN'T!
LOST HIS NERVE! HE'S AFRAID OF GOING UP HIGH AGAIN!
ALONE, MIKE GALEN WRESTLES WITH THAT MOST POWERFUL OPPONENT... FEAR!
I-I'M A COWARD! HOW AM I GOING TO GET OVER MY FEAR OF HEIGHT? HOW?
I KNOW WHAT TO DO! I'LL GET A JOB THAT'LL MAKE ME GO UP HEIGHTS! THAT'LL DO IT! I'LL GET BACK MY COURAGE!
NEXT DAY... ON THE THIRTIETH STORY OF A SKYSCRAPER, A WINDOW WASHER IS ON THE JOB...

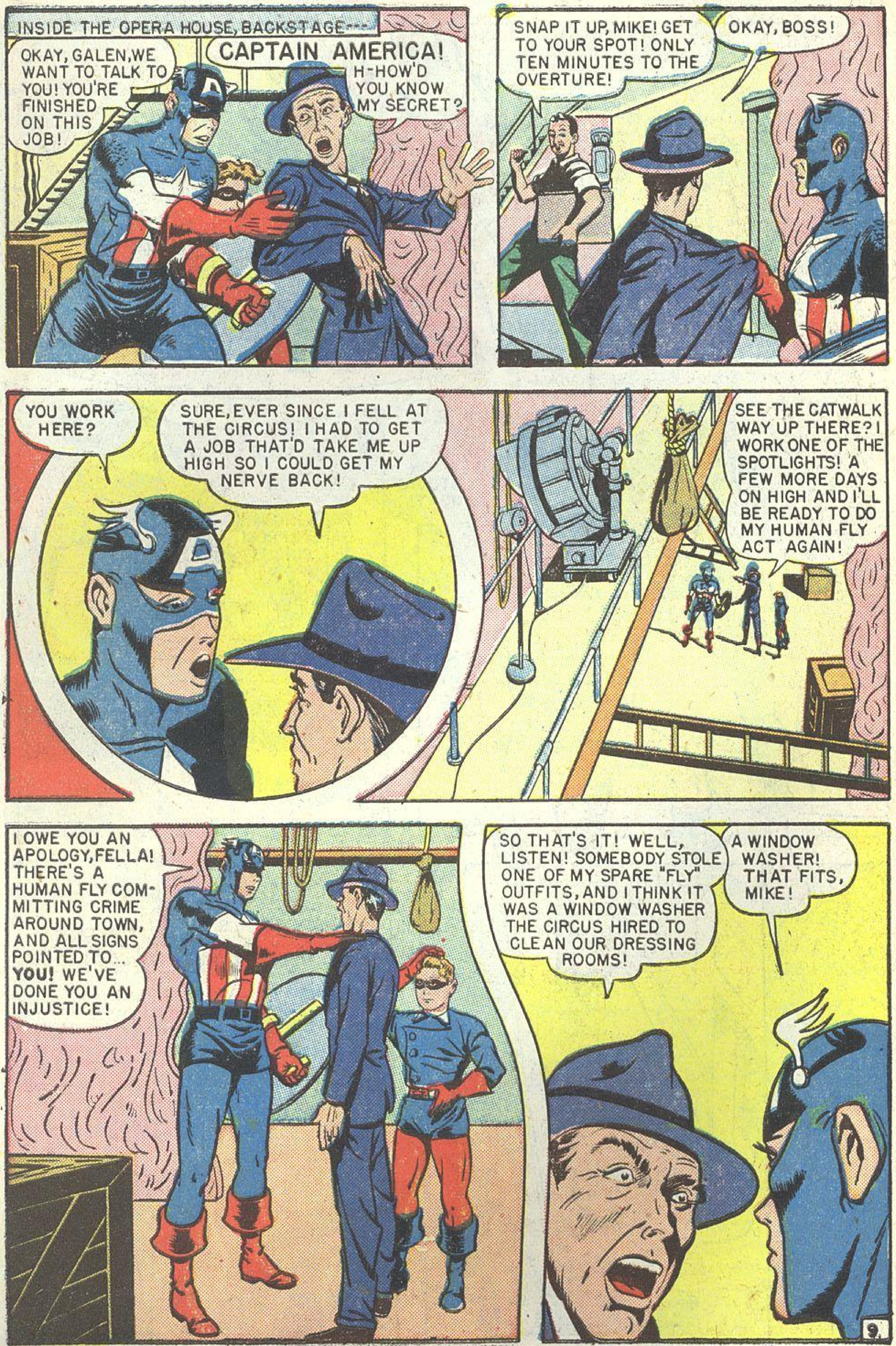

AS HE DANGLES OUTSIDE, THE WINDOW WASHER CASUALLY GLANCES INSIDE.
WHA...? JEWELS...AND HE'S PUTTING THEM IN A SECRET PANEL IN THAT DESK! IF I COULD ONLY...
BUT THE BUILDING'S CLOSED AT NIGHT! NO GETTING UP EXCEPT BY THE BUILDING FACE! I'D HAVE TO BE A HUMAN FLY TO DO THAT! HMMM..WHY NOT? BUT HAVE I GOT THE NERVE?
THAT NIGHT, AS STEVE AND BUCKY WALK HOMEWARD..
GEE, THAT WAS A SWELL MOVIE WE...HEY!
BUCKY!
& CO.
PLOP!
NO PARK
WHEW! IT'S JUST A CHUNK OF MORTAR! HUH? NO WONDER IT FELL LOOSE!
YOU SEE IT TOO, STEVE? A HUMAN FLY...WALKING UP THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING!
NOW WE'LL SEE IF THAT HUMAN FLY HAS ANY PLANS--SUCH AS THEFT!
OKAY BY ME, CAP... I'M RARIN' TO GO!
RINGING FOR THE NIGHT WATCHMAN, THE TWO CRIME-FIGHTERS ARE SOON INSIDE, RIDING THE ELEVATOR...
BUT, CAPTAIN AMERICA ... WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR?
A FLY!
A BIG FLY!

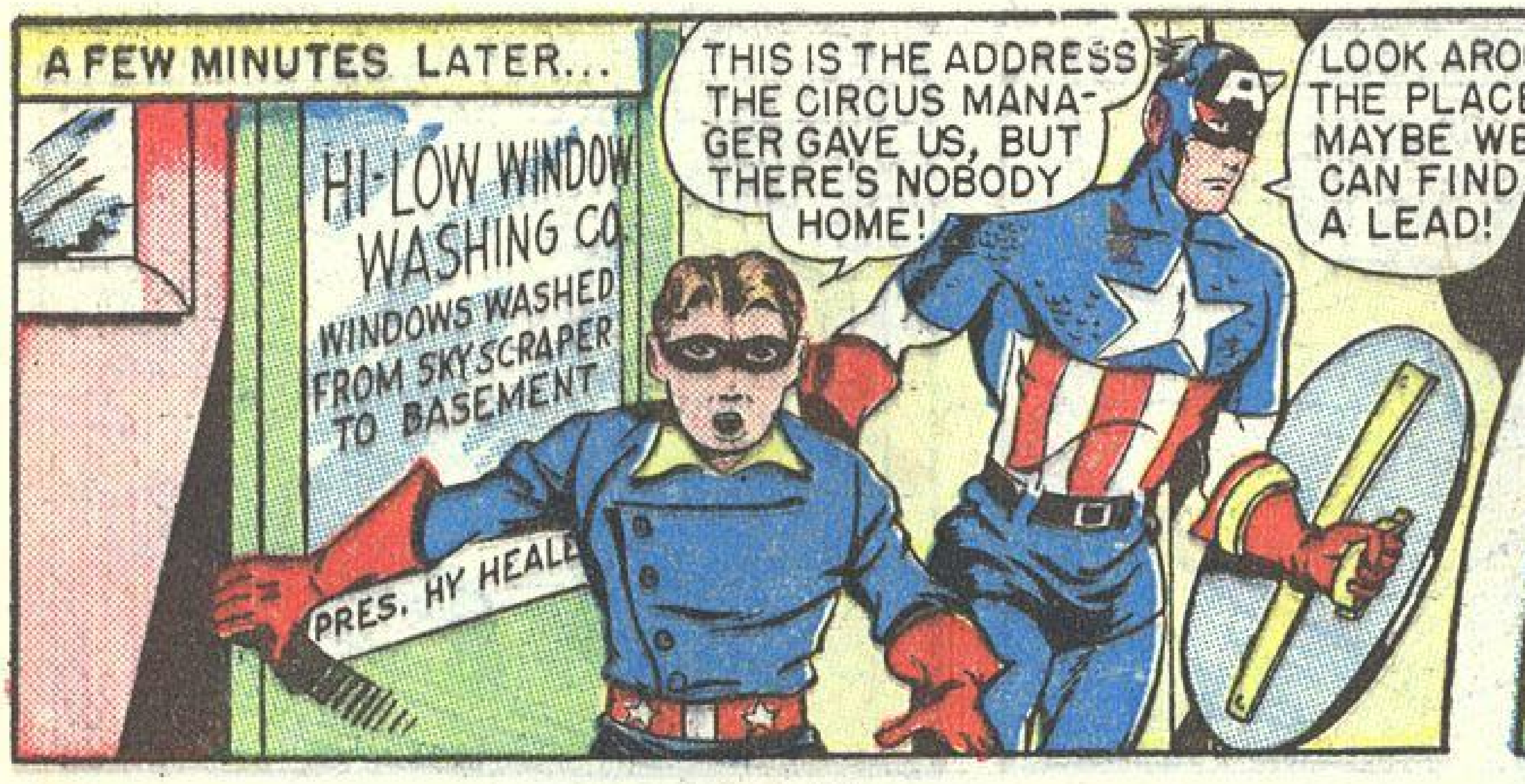

ON THE ROOFTOP, CAP PLAYS OUT A LONG ROPE...
AW GEE, CAP, DO I HAVE TO STAY UP HERE?
YOU'RE THERE TO CHECKMATE THE FLYBOY IN CASE HE GETS PAST ME AND GOES TOPSIDE!
SPOTTING CAP, THE HUMAN FLY SCRAMBLES ONTO A SURFACE SETBACK AND WAITS— BUT NOT FOR LONG!
CAPTAIN AMERICA!
OKAY, FLY-GUY! HERE COMES THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR GAME IS...BUT WHATEVER IT IS...IT'S FINISHED!
CRACK!
CAP!
IF ANYTHING IS FINISHED, IT'S **YOU**!
EVEN AS HE FALLS, CAP'S NIMBLE BRAIN AND BODY REACT IN THAT SPLIT SECOND---
AH! JUST MADE IT!
...AND HIS FLAILING HANDS REACH OUT!
OOPS! THE POLE'S SNAPPED! GUESS I SPOKE TOO SOON!

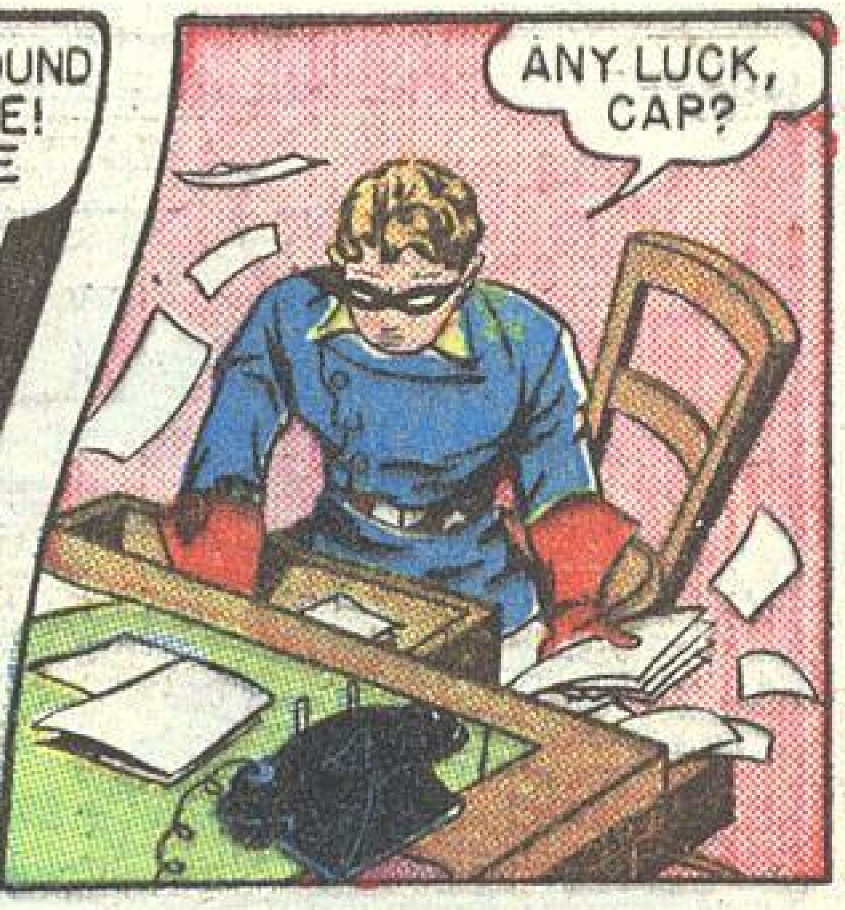

STILL GOT A CHANCE WITH THIS POLE SWINGING--- IF I CAN AIM FOR THAT WINDOW.
CRASH!
OH!
MINUTES LATER, BUCKY AND THE WATCHMAN REACH CAPTAIN AMERICA---
GOLLY, CAP, THAT WAS KINDA CLOSE!
YOU'RE TELLING ME? WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT FLY-GUY?
HE SNEAKED THROUGH A WINDOW SOMEWHERE, AND BEAT IT DOWN THE STAIRS!
MOMENTS LATER...
SURE, KID! WE'RE MAKING TRACKS TO THE CIRCUS! I WANT TO ASK A COUPLE OF QUESTIONS THERE!
YOU'RE RUNNING AS IF YOU KNOW WHERE WE'RE GOING, CAP! MIND LETTING ME IN ON IT?
AT THE CIRCUS...
MIKE? NO, HE'S NOT HERE! HE.. HE'S NOT AROUND MUCH ANYMORE! EVERY NIGHT HE GOES OUT AND COMES BACK LATE! I WISH I KNEW WHAT WAS GOING ON IN HIS MIND!
SO DO WE!
GOT ANY IDEAS?
THAT FLY-GUY MUST BE ALL PUFFED UP AFTER TRIPPING US UP! HE'LL SOON BE SCALING SOME BUILDING AGAIN AND THAT MEANS..WE'VE GOT TO PUT ON WINGS TO CLIP **HIS** WINGS!

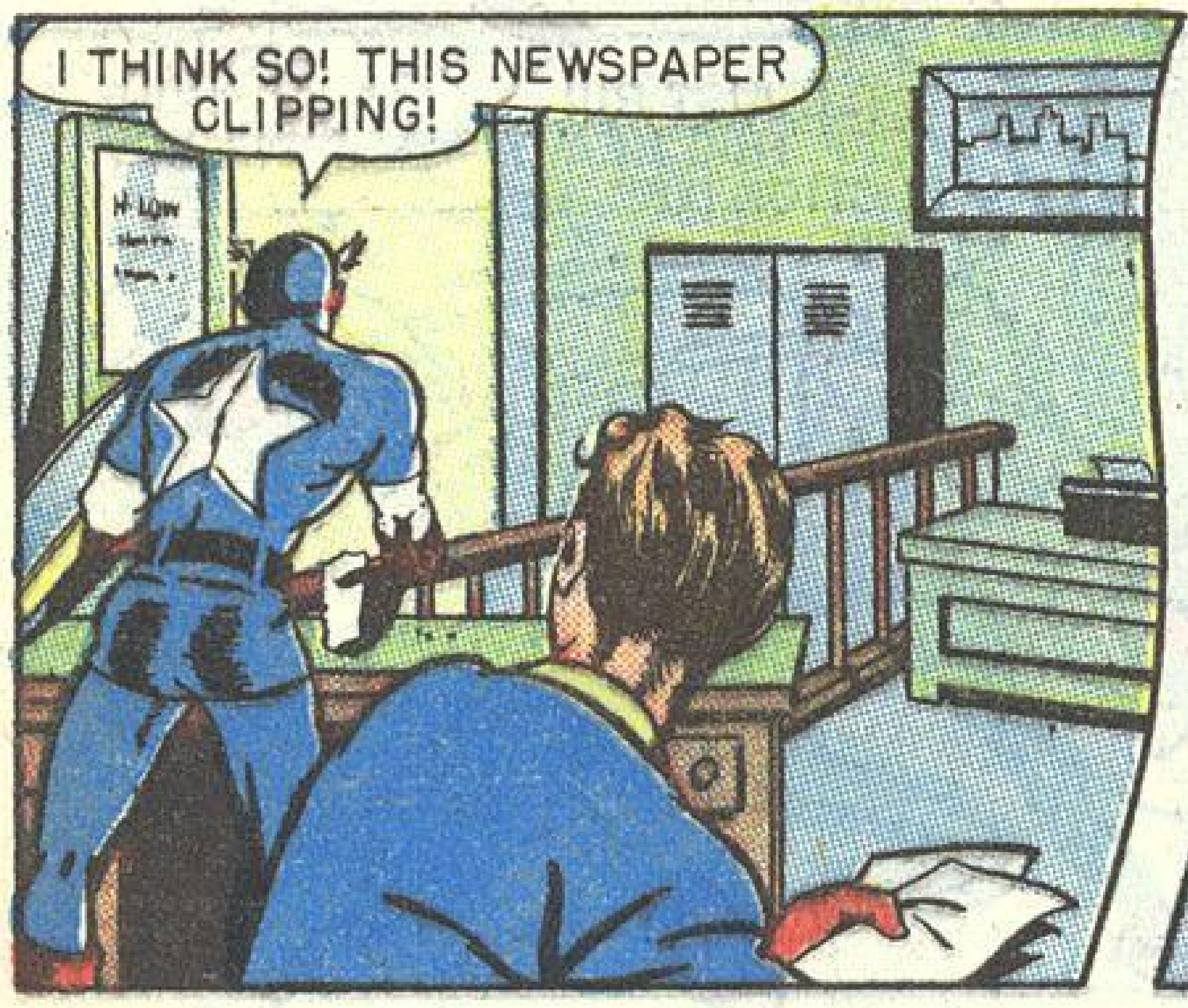

NEXT NIGHT... A STRANGE BIRD TAKES TO THE SKY - A HELICOPTER!
WITH CAP AT THE CONTROLS, BUCKY SEARCHES FOR A CRAWLING PREY - THE HUMAN FLY!
NOTHING DOING IN THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT! HOW'S THE MIDTOWN AREA, KID?
I THINK I... YES... IT'S HIM! HEAD FOR THAT PENTHOUSE, CAP!
WHA...?
HI, CHUM! STILL IN BUSINESS, EH?
NO HALF-PINT KID IS GONNA UPSET MY PLANS!
SHOO, FLY! YOU BOTHER ME!
MEANWHILE, CAP SETS THE HELICOPTER DOWN..
HOLD HIM, BUCKY! I'M COMING!
THEN, WITHOUT WARNING, THE HUMAN FLY LEAPS INTO SPACE!
EEOW! THE GUY'S BALMY!! HE... HE JUMPED!
SUDDENLY, FROM THE BACK OF THE FLY'S CLOAK SPROUTS A PARACHUTE!
BUCKY! WAIT!
BUCKY! HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY?

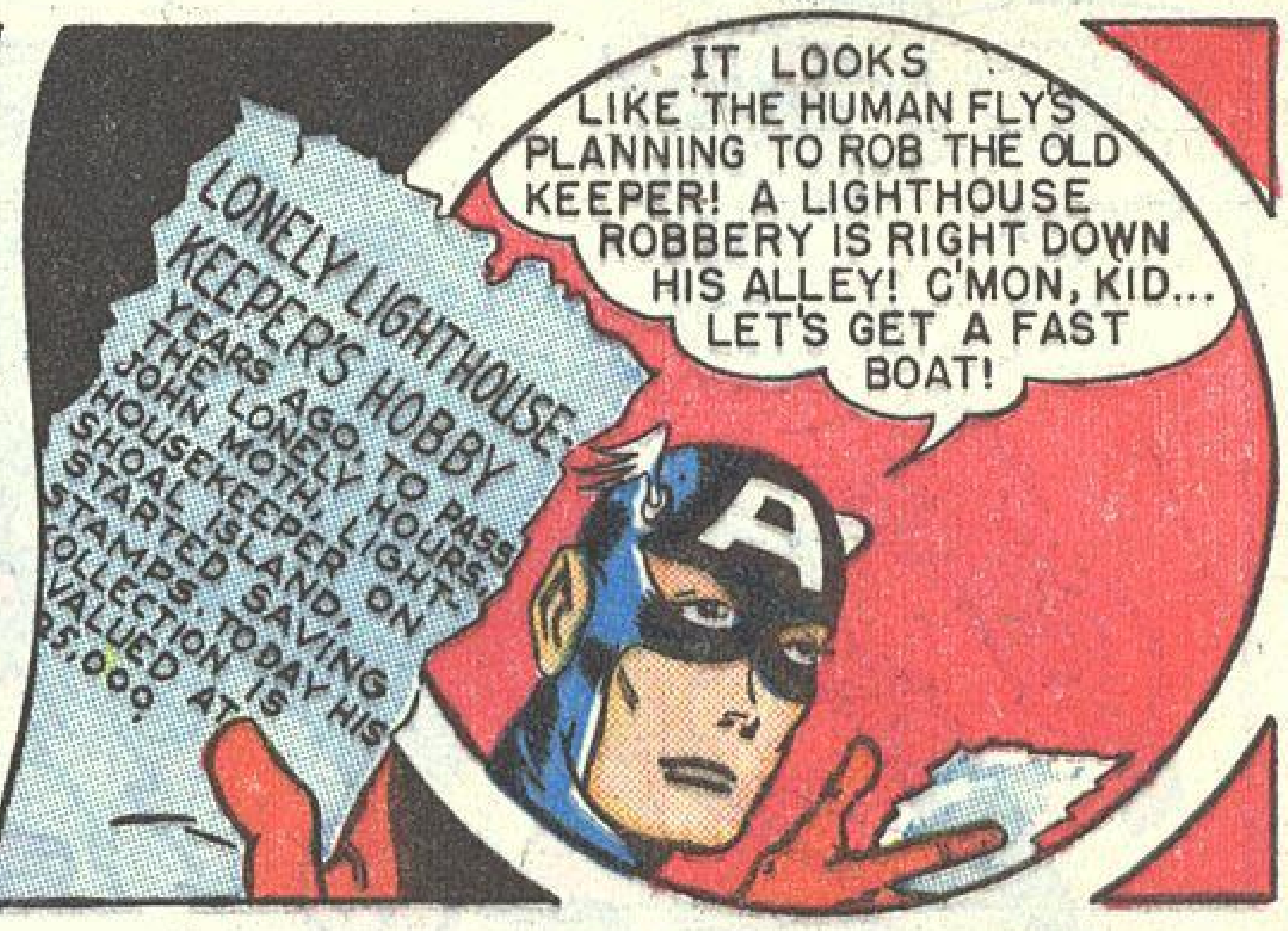

WHY YOU.... LEGGO! LEGGO O' MY FEET!
RELAX! YOU'RE JUST TAKING ON AN EXTRA PASSENGER!
BUT THE EXTRA WEIGHT IS TOO MUCH FOR THE PARACHUTE AND IT HURTLES DOWN FASTER... WITH BUCKY ON BOTTOM!
OOF!
HA! HA! BROKE MY FALL! GIVES ME TIME TO GET AWAY!
MINUTES LATER, CAP FINDS THE PLUCKY YOUNGSTER...
YOU CRAZY KID! I OUGHT TO SPANK YOU HARD FOR THAT STUNT!
THE SIDEWALK BEAT YOU TO IT! OW! I THINK I'D BETTER SLEEP ON MY STOMACH TONIGHT!
BETTER GET A GOOD SLEEP, BECAUSE TOMORROW NIGHT WE'RE TRAILING MIKE GALEN FROM THE CIRCUS GROUNDS TO SEE WHERE HE'S FLYING HIGH NEXT!
THE NEXT NIGHT, MIKE GALEN HAS THREE SHADOWS... HIS OWN, AND TWO OTHERS!
QUIT CLOWNING, BUCKY! THIS IS BUSINESS, REMEMBER?
TCH, TCH, TO THINK WE'RE FOLLOWING IN THAT CROOK'S FOOTSTEPS!
THEIR QUARRY LEADS THEM TO A FAMOUS OPERA HOUSE...
THE FLY'S GOT HIS EYE ON THE JEWELS THOSE SOCIETY FOLKS ARE WEARING. CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE ON LOSING HIM BACKSTAGE. WE'LL HAVE TO GRAB HIM NOW!
FAUST

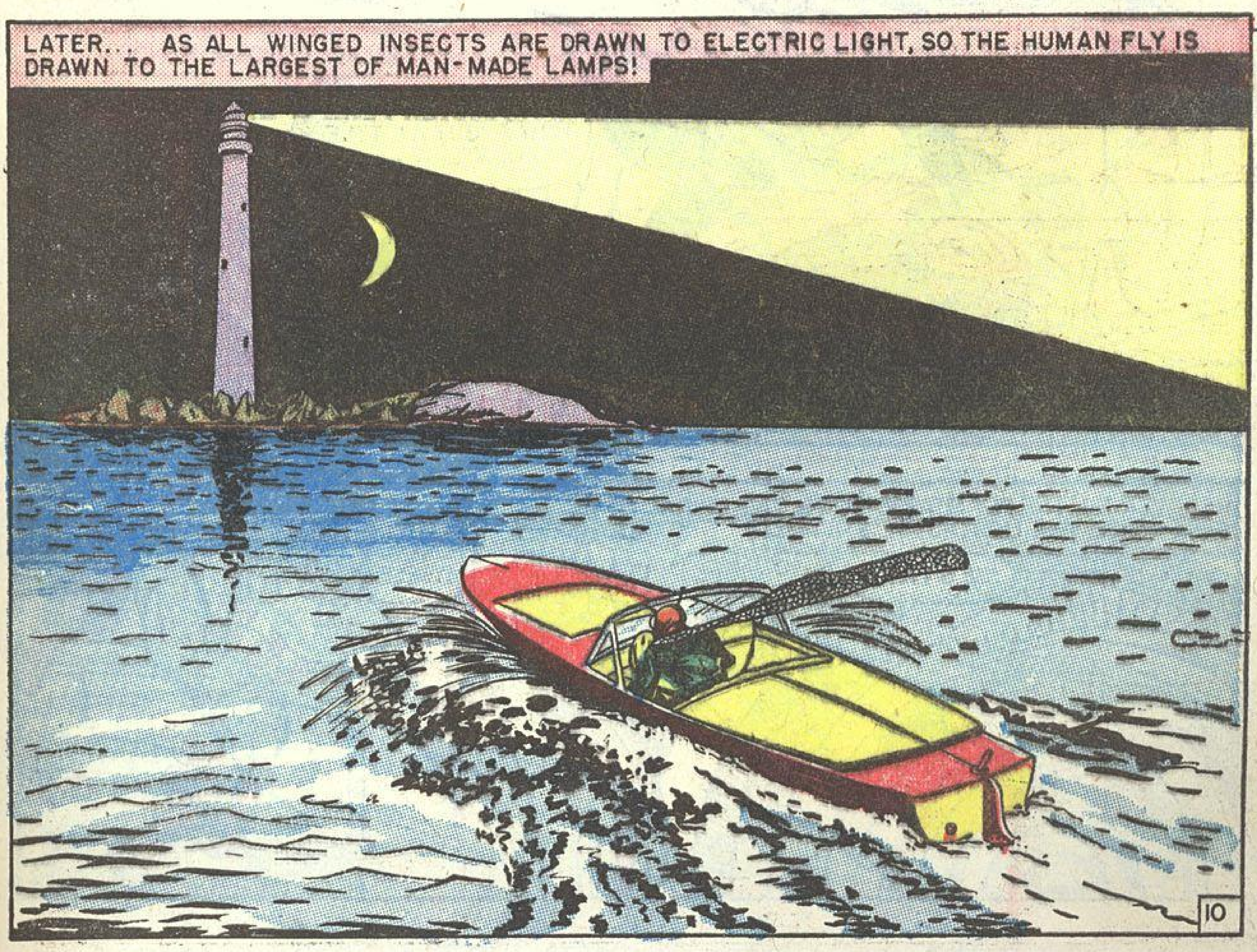

INSIDE THE OPERA HOUSE, BACKSTAGE---
OKAY, GALEN, WE WANT TO TALK TO YOU! YOU'RE FINISHED ON THIS JOB!
CAPTAIN AMERICA! H-HOW'D YOU KNOW MY SECRET?
SNAP IT UP, MIKE! GET TO YOUR SPOT! ONLY TEN MINUTES TO THE OVERTURE!
OKAY, BOSS!
YOU WORK HERE?
SURE, EVER SINCE I FELL AT THE CIRCUS! I HAD TO GET A JOB THAT'D TAKE ME UP HIGH SO I COULD GET MY NERVE BACK!
SEE THE CATWALK WAY UP THERE? I WORK ONE OF THE SPOTLIGHTS! A FEW MORE DAYS ON HIGH AND I'LL BE READY TO DO MY HUMAN FLY ACT AGAIN!
I OWE YOU AN APOLOGY, FELLA! THERE'S A HUMAN FLY COMMITTING CRIME AROUND TOWN, AND ALL SIGNS POINTED TO... **YOU!** WE'VE DONE YOU AN INJUSTICE!
SO THAT'S IT! WELL, LISTEN! SOMEBODY STOLE ONE OF MY SPARE "FLY" OUTFITS, AND I THINK IT WAS A WINDOW WASHER THE CIRCUS HIRED TO CLEAN OUR DRESSING ROOMS!
A WINDOW WASHER! THAT FITS, MIKE!

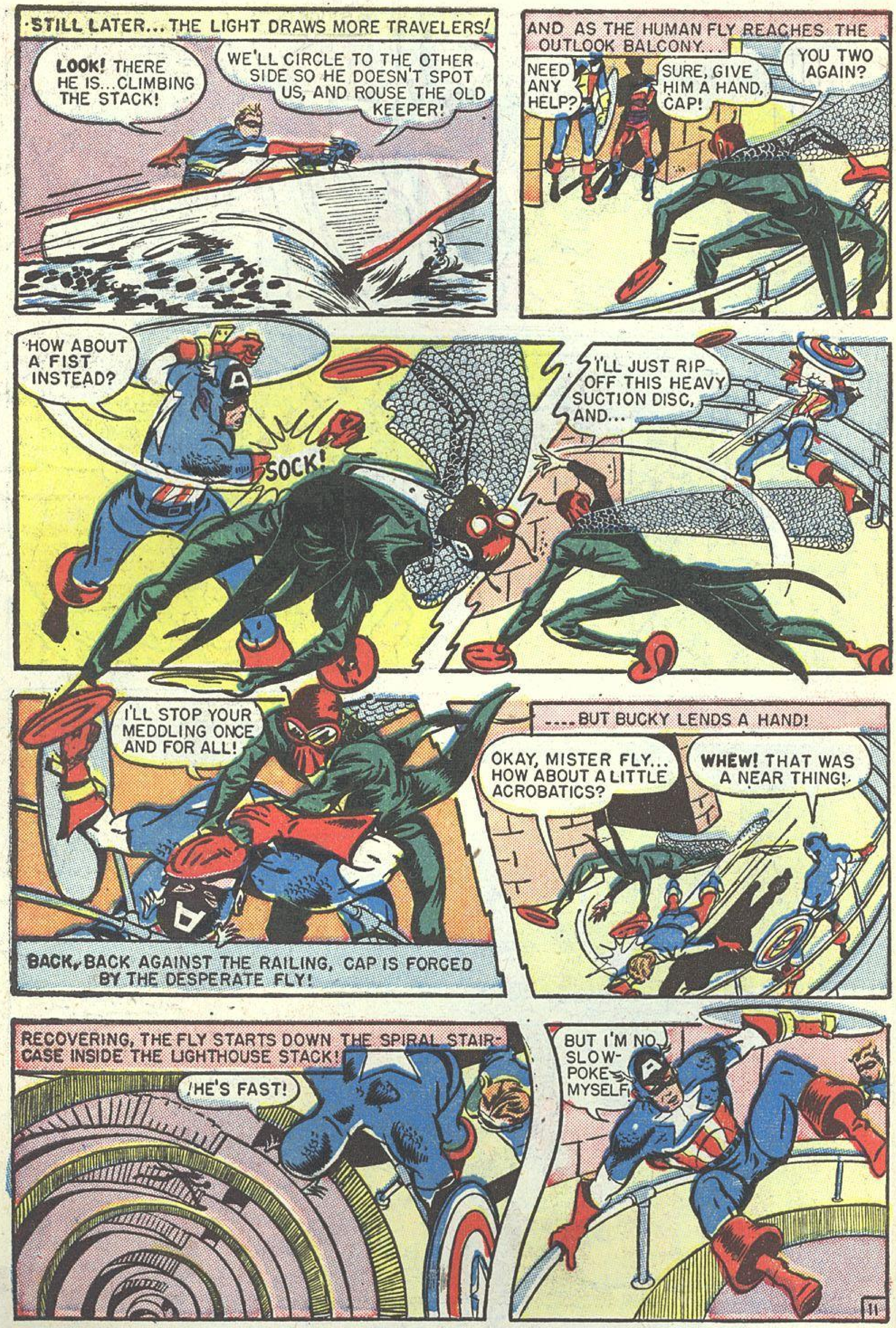

A FEW MINUTES LATER...
HI-LOW WINDOW WASHING CO. WINDOWS WASHED FROM SKYSCRAPER TO BASEMENT
PRES. HY HEAL
THIS IS THE ADDRESS THE CIRCUS MANAGER GAVE US, BUT THERE'S NOBODY HOME!
LOOK AROUND THE PLACE! MAYBE WE CAN FIND A LEAD!

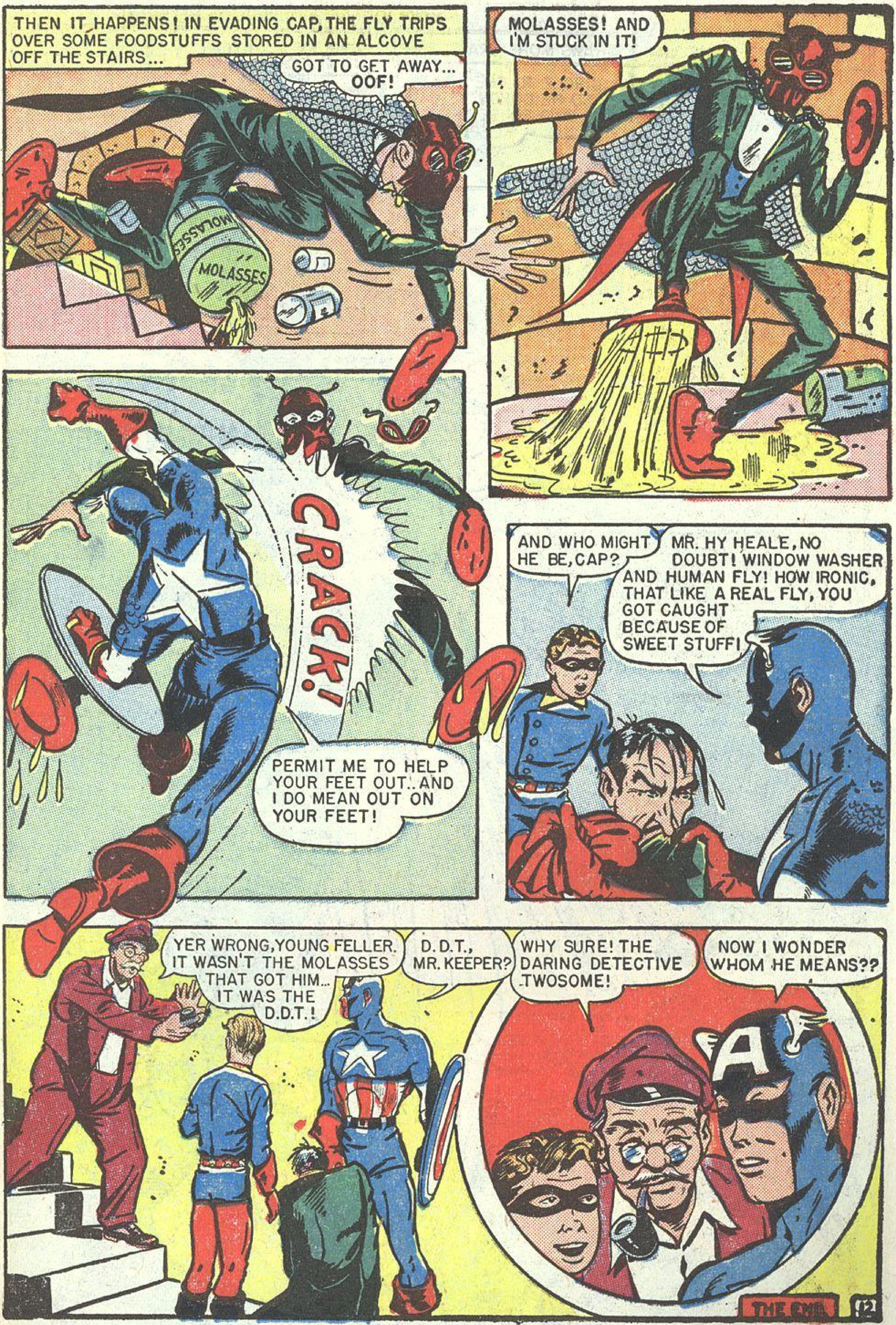

ANY LUCK, CAP?

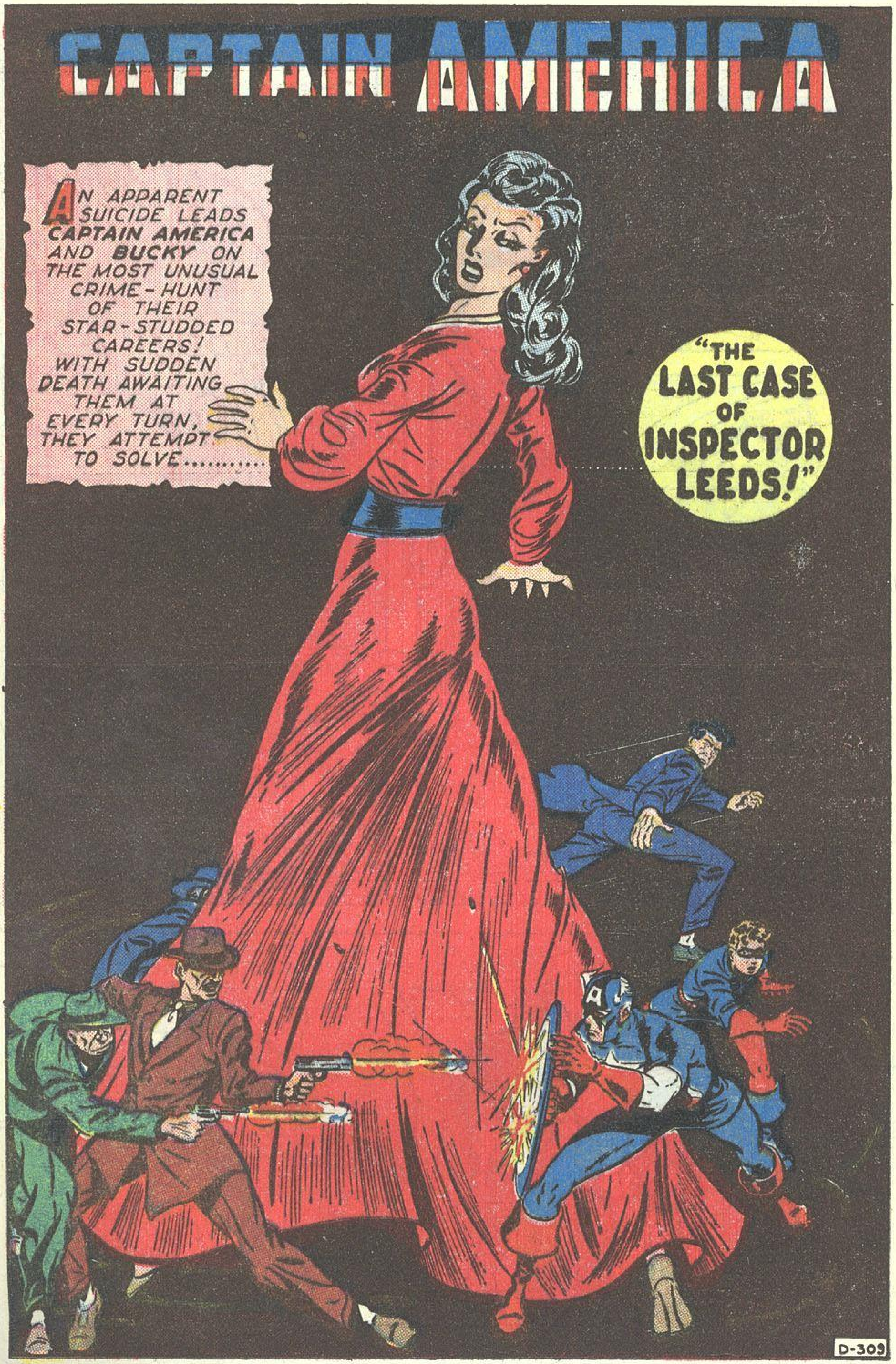

I THINK SO! THIS NEWSPAPER CLIPPING!


LONELY LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER'S HOBBY
YEARS AGO, TO PASS THE LONELY HOURS, JOHN MOTH, LIGHTHOUSEKEEPER ON SHOAL ISLAND, STARTED SAVING STAMPS. TODAY HIS COLLECTION IS VALUED AT 5,000.
IT LOOKS LIKE THE HUMAN FLY'S PLANNING TO ROB THE OLD KEEPER! A LIGHTHOUSE ROBBERY IS RIGHT DOWN HIS ALLEY! C'MON, KID... LET'S GET A FAST BOAT!


LATER... AS ALL WINGED INSECTS ARE DRAWN TO ELECTRIC LIGHT, SO THE HUMAN FLY IS DRAWN TO THE LARGEST OF MAN-MADE LAMPS!


·STILL LATER... THE LIGHT DRAWS MORE TRAVELERS!
LOOK! THERE HE IS...CLIMBING THE STACK!
WE'LL CIRCLE TO THE OTHER SIDE SO HE DOESN'T SPOT US, AND ROUSE THE OLD KEEPER!
AND AS THE HUMAN FLY REACHES THE OUTLOOK BALCONY...
NEED ANY HELP?
SURE, GIVE HIM A HAND, CAP!
YOU TWO AGAIN?
HOW ABOUT A FIST INSTEAD?
SOCK!
I'LL JUST RIP OFF THIS HEAVY SUCTION DISC, AND...
I'LL STOP YOUR MEDDLING ONCE AND FOR ALL!
BACK, BACK AGAINST THE RAILING, CAP IS FORCED BY THE DESPERATE FLY!
....BUT BUCKY LENDS A HAND!
OKAY, MISTER FLY... HOW ABOUT A LITTLE ACROBATICS?
WHEW! THAT WAS A NEAR THING!
RECOVERING, THE FLY STARTS DOWN THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE INSIDE THE LIGHTHOUSE STACK!
HE'S FAST!
BUT I'M NO SLOWPOKE MYSELF!


THEN IT HAPPENS! IN EVADING CAP, THE FLY TRIPS OVER SOME FOODSTUFFS STORED IN AN ALCOVE OFF THE STAIRS...
GOT TO GET AWAY... OOF!
MOLASSES
MOLASSES
MOLASSES! AND I'M STUCK IN IT!
CRACK!
PERMIT ME TO HELP YOUR FEET OUT.. AND I DO MEAN OUT ON YOUR FEET!
AND WHO MIGHT HE BE, CAP?
MR. HY HEALE, NO DOUBT! WINDOW WASHER AND HUMAN FLY! HOW IRONIC, THAT LIKE A REAL FLY, YOU GOT CAUGHT BECAUSE OF SWEET STUFF!
YER WRONG, YOUNG FELLER. IT WASN'T THE MOLASSES THAT GOT HIM... IT WAS THE D.D.T.!
D.D.T., MR. KEEPER?
WHY SURE! THE DARING DETECTIVE TWOSOME!
NOW I WONDER WHOM HE MEANS??
A
THE END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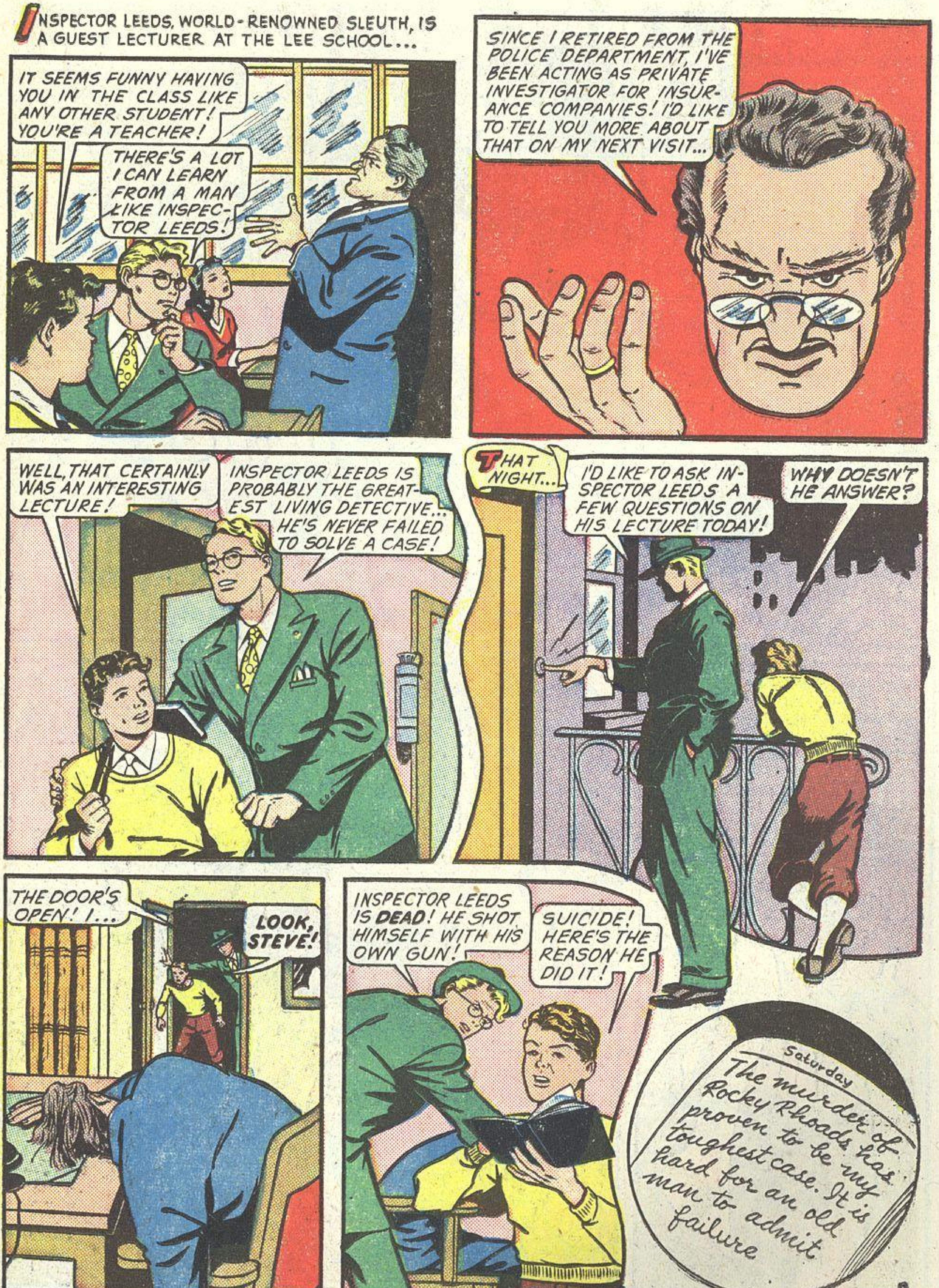
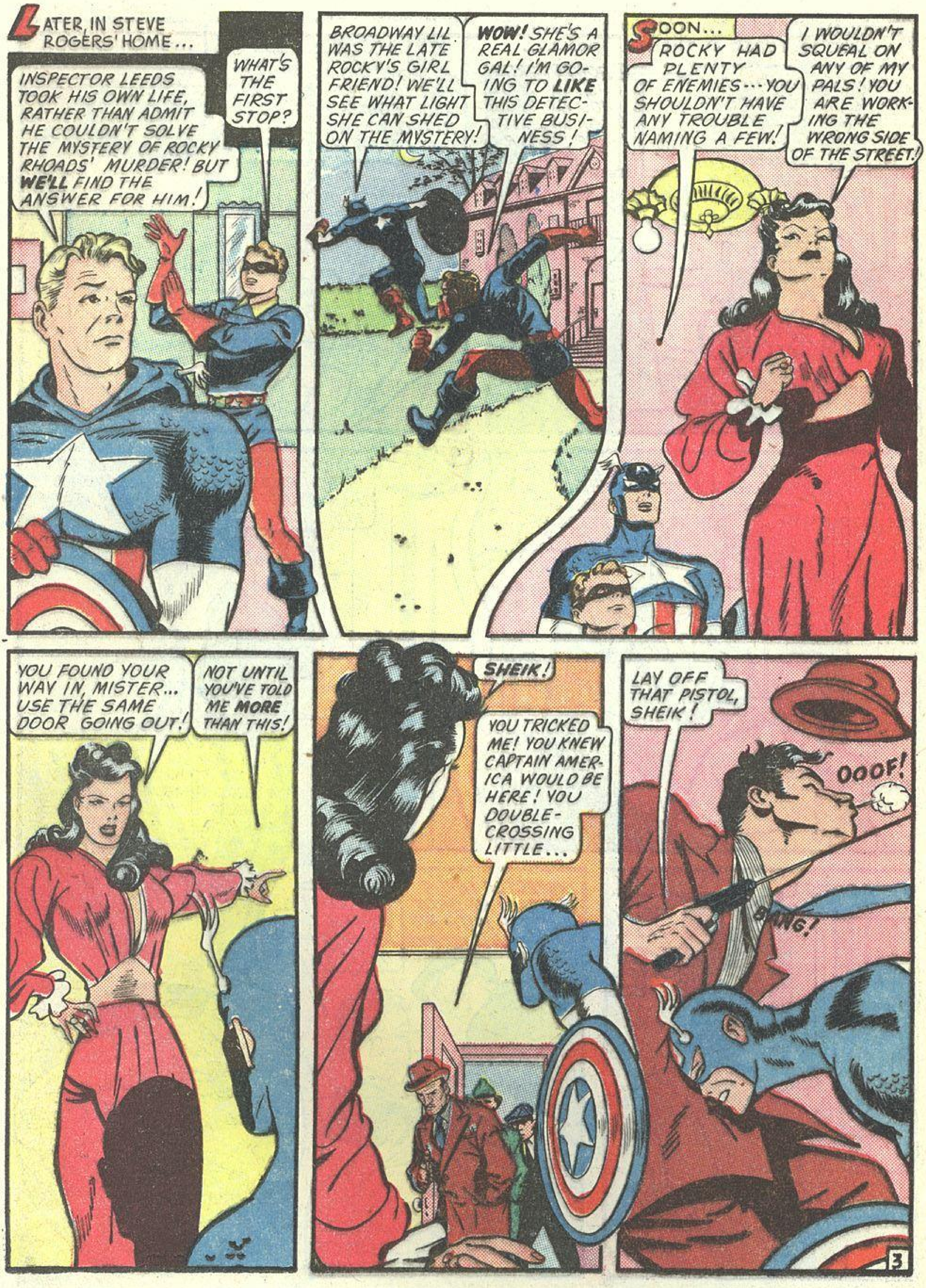
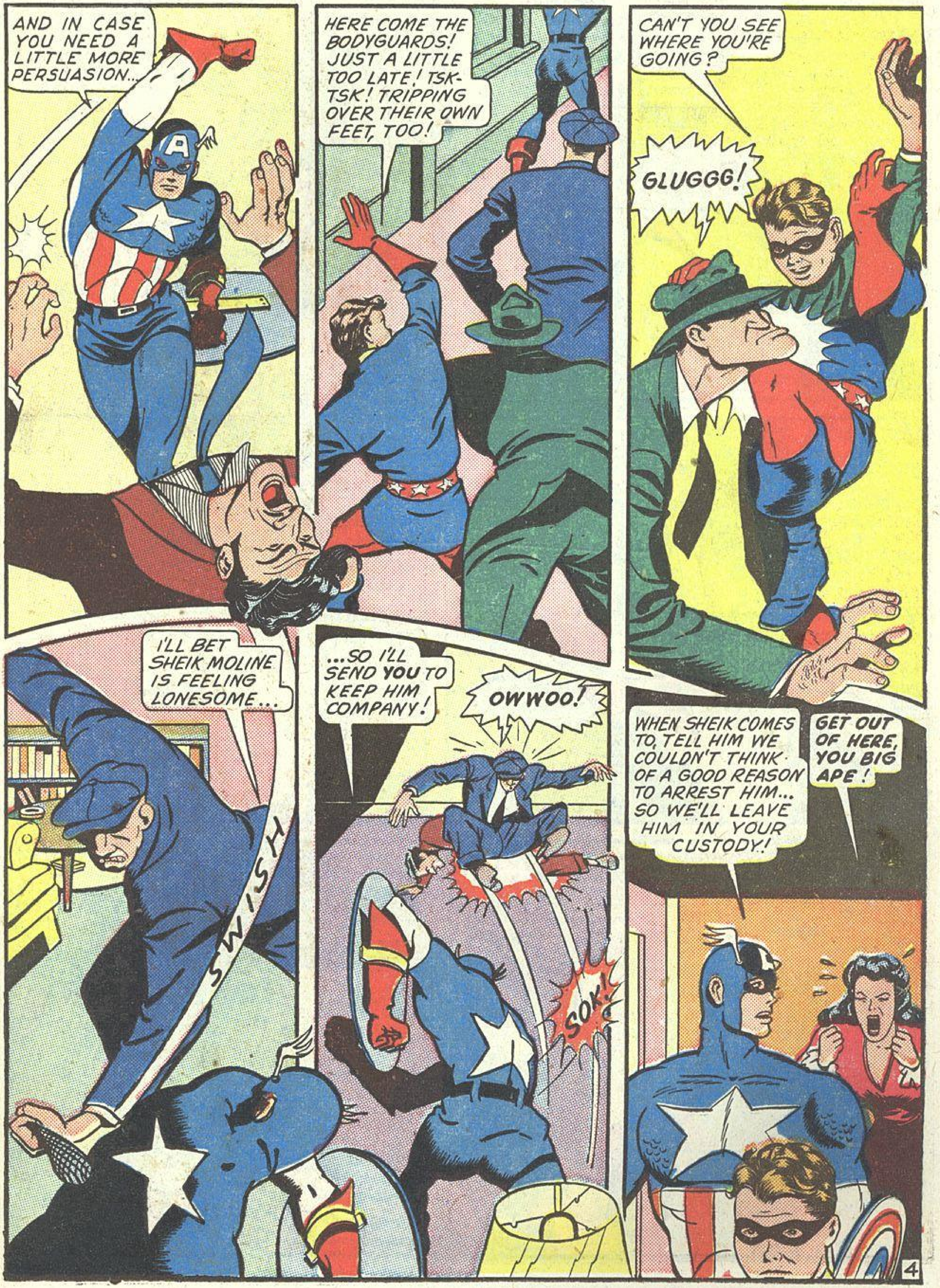
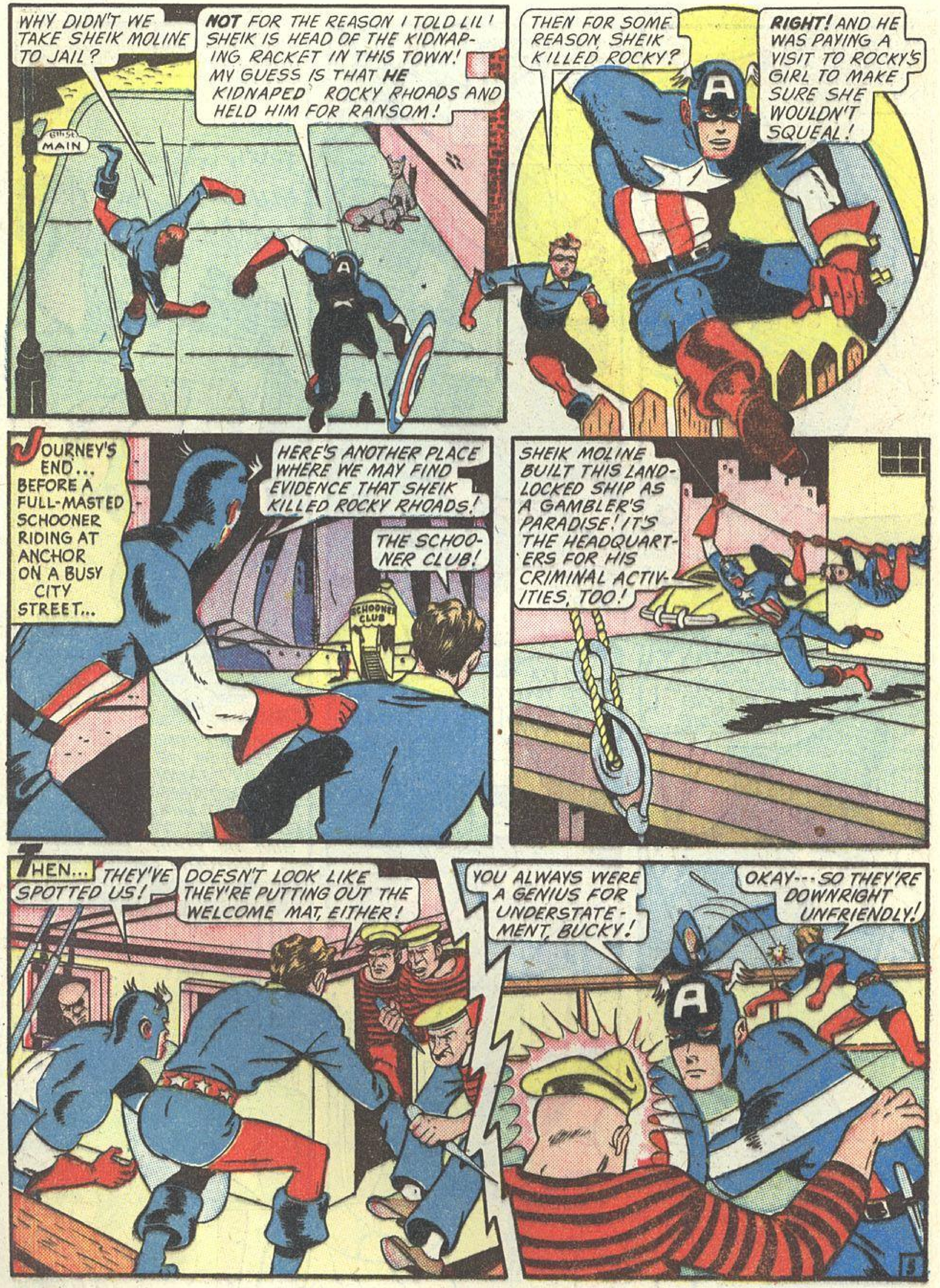
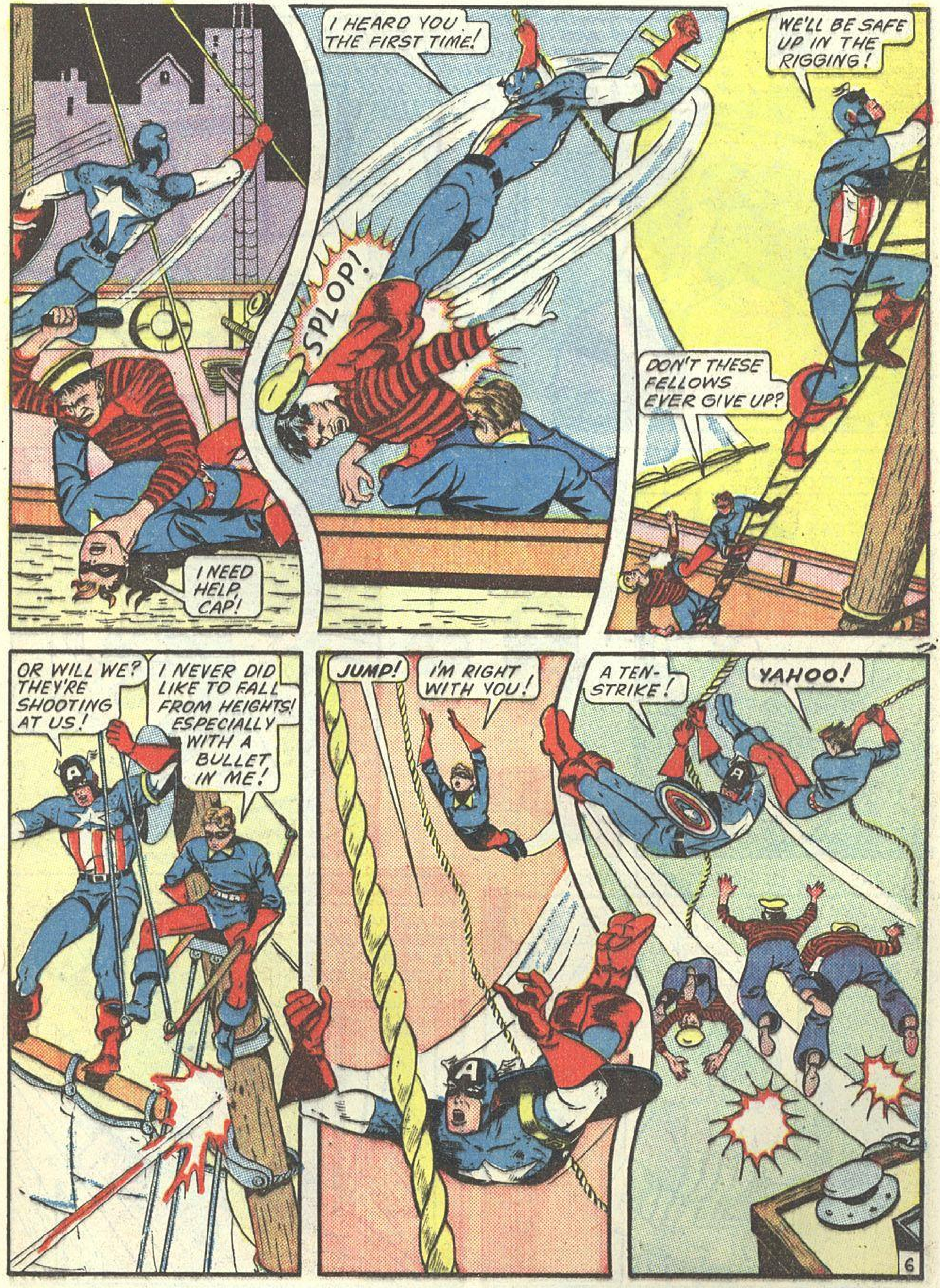
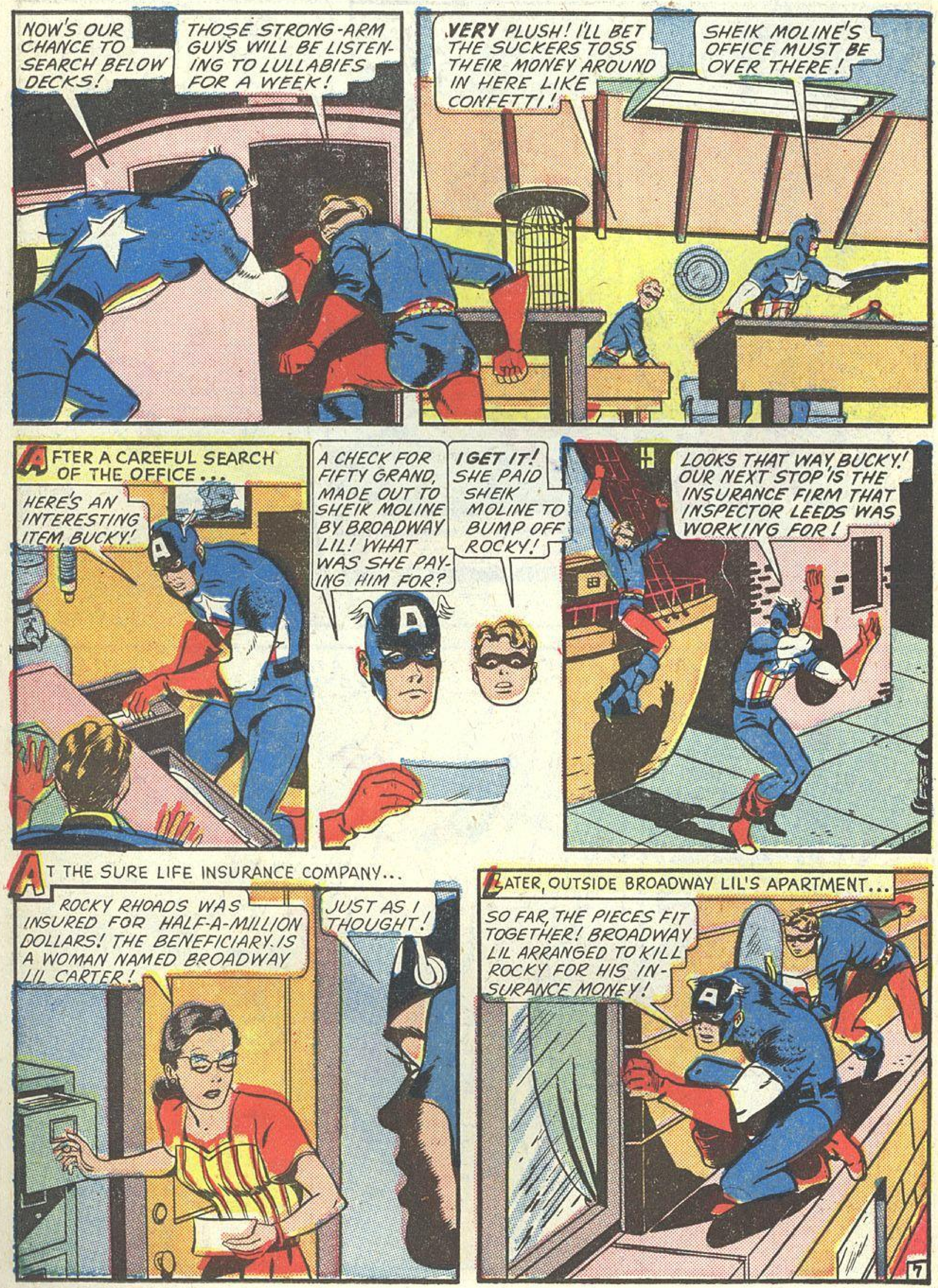

INSPECTOR LEEDS, WORLD-RENOWNED SLEUTH, IS A GUEST LECTURER AT THE LEE SCHOOL...
IT SEEMS FUNNY HAVING YOU IN THE CLASS LIKE ANY OTHER STUDENT! YOU'RE A TEACHER!
THERE'S A LOT I CAN LEARN FROM A MAN LIKE INSPECTOR LEEDS!
SINCE I RETIRED FROM THE POLICE DEPARTMENT, I'VE BEEN ACTING AS PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR FOR INSURANCE COMPANIES! I'D LIKE TO TELL YOU MORE ABOUT THAT ON MY NEXT VISIT...
WELL, THAT CERTAINLY WAS AN INTERESTING LECTURE!
INSPECTOR LEEDS IS PROBABLY THE GREATEST LIVING DETECTIVE... HE'S NEVER FAILED TO SOLVE A CASE!
THAT NIGHT...
I'D LIKE TO ASK INSPECTOR LEEDS A FEW QUESTIONS ON HIS LECTURE TODAY!
WHY DOESN'T HE ANSWER?
THE DOOR'S OPEN! I...
LOOK, STEVE!
INSPECTOR LEEDS IS DEAD! HE SHOT HIMSELF WITH HIS OWN GUN!
SUICIDE! HERE'S THE REASON HE DID IT!
Saturday
The murder of Rocky Rhoads has proven to be my toughest case. It is hard for an old man to admit failure

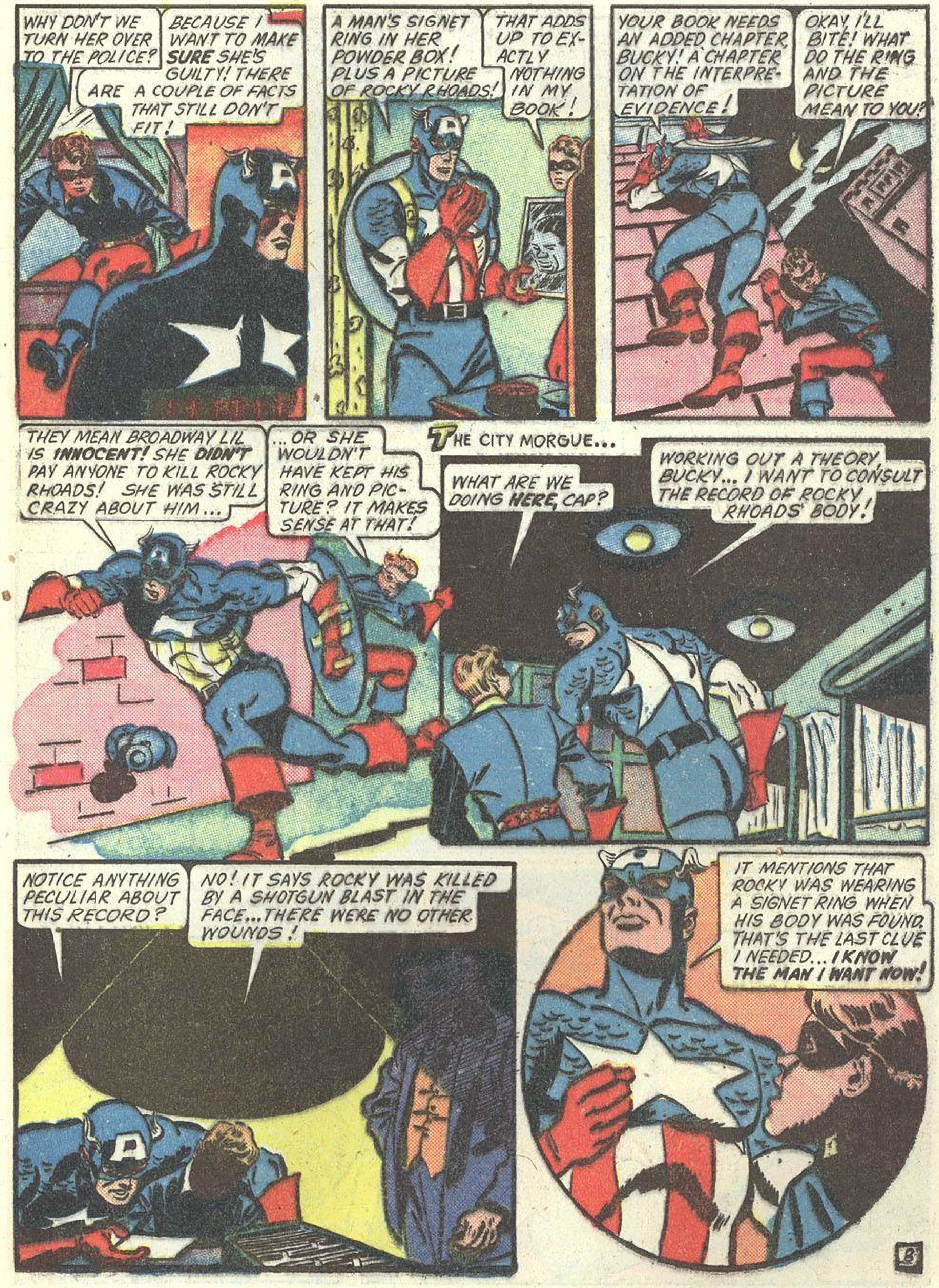

LATER, IN STEVE ROGERS' HOME...
INSPECTOR LEEDS TOOK HIS OWN LIFE, RATHER THAN ADMIT HE COULDN'T SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF ROCKY RHOADS' MURDER! BUT **WE'LL** FIND THE ANSWER FOR HIM!
WHAT'S THE FIRST STOP?
BROADWAY LIL WAS THE LATE ROCKY'S GIRL FRIEND! WE'LL SEE WHAT LIGHT SHE CAN SHED ON THE MYSTERY!
WOW! SHE'S A REAL GLAMOR GAL! I'M GOING TO **LIKE** THIS DETECTIVE BUSINESS!
SOON...
ROCKY HAD PLENTY OF ENEMIES... YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE NAMING A FEW!
I WOULDN'T SQUEAL ON ANY OF MY PALS! YOU ARE WORKING THE WRONG SIDE OF THE STREET!
YOU FOUND YOUR WAY IN, MISTER... USE THE SAME DOOR GOING OUT!
NOT UNTIL YOU'VE TOLD ME **MORE** THAN THIS!
SHEIK!
YOU TRICKED ME! YOU KNEW CAPTAIN AMERICA WOULD BE HERE! YOU DOUBLE-CROSSING LITTLE...
LAY OFF THAT PISTOL, SHEIK!
OOOF!
BANG!

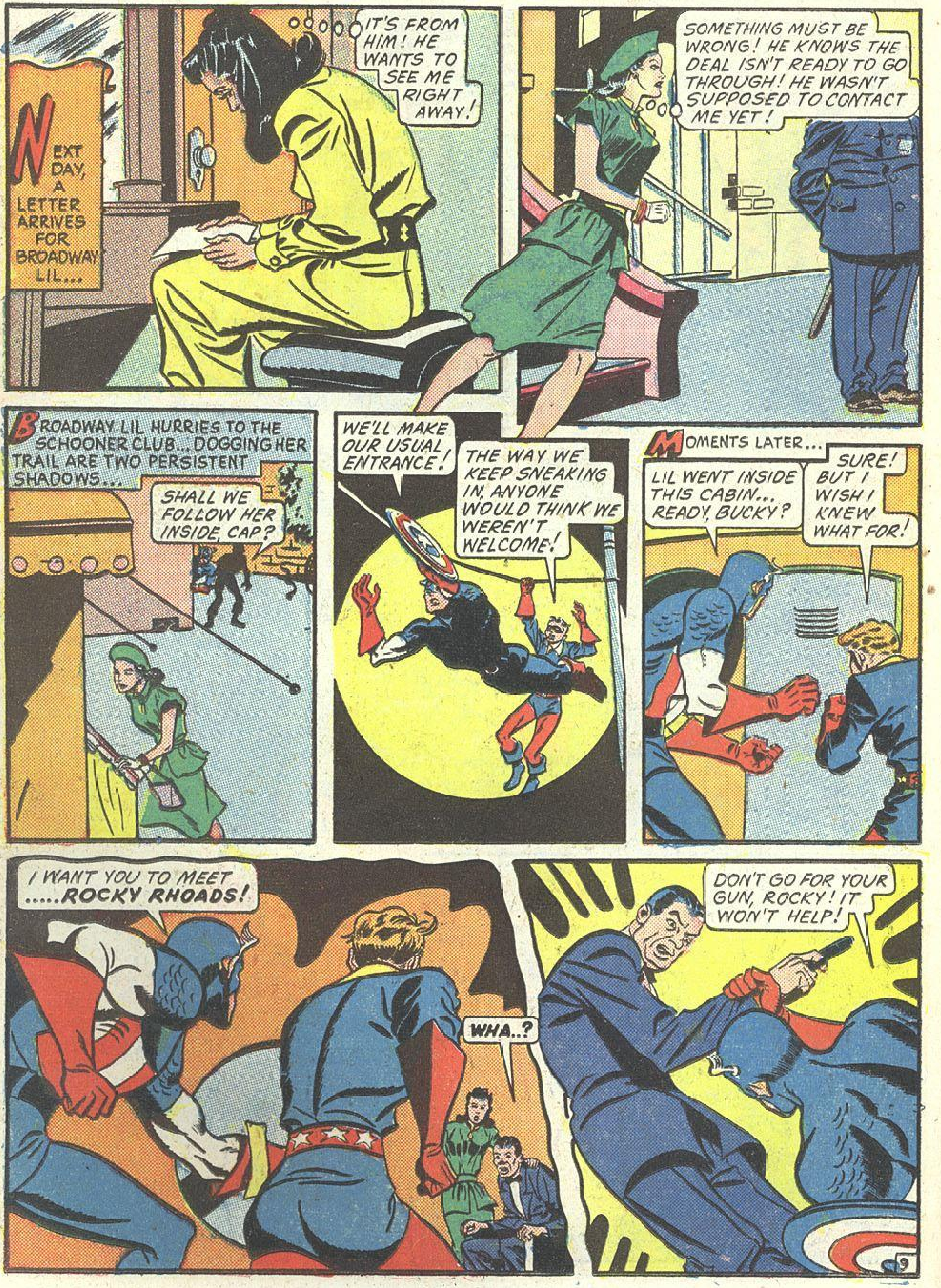

AND IN CASE YOU NEED A LITTLE MORE PERSUASION...
HERE COME THE BODYGUARDS! JUST A LITTLE TOO LATE! TSK-TSK! TRIPPING OVER THEIR OWN FEET, TOO!
CAN'T YOU SEE WHERE YOU'RE GOING?
GLUGGG!
I'LL BET SHEIK MOLINE IS FEELING LONESOME...
SWISH
...SO I'LL SEND **YOU** TO KEEP HIM COMPANY!
OWWOO!
SOK!
WHEN SHEIK COMES TO, TELL HIM WE COULDN'T THINK OF A GOOD REASON TO ARREST HIM... SO WE'LL LEAVE HIM IN YOUR CUSTODY!
GET OUT OF HERE, YOU BIG APE!

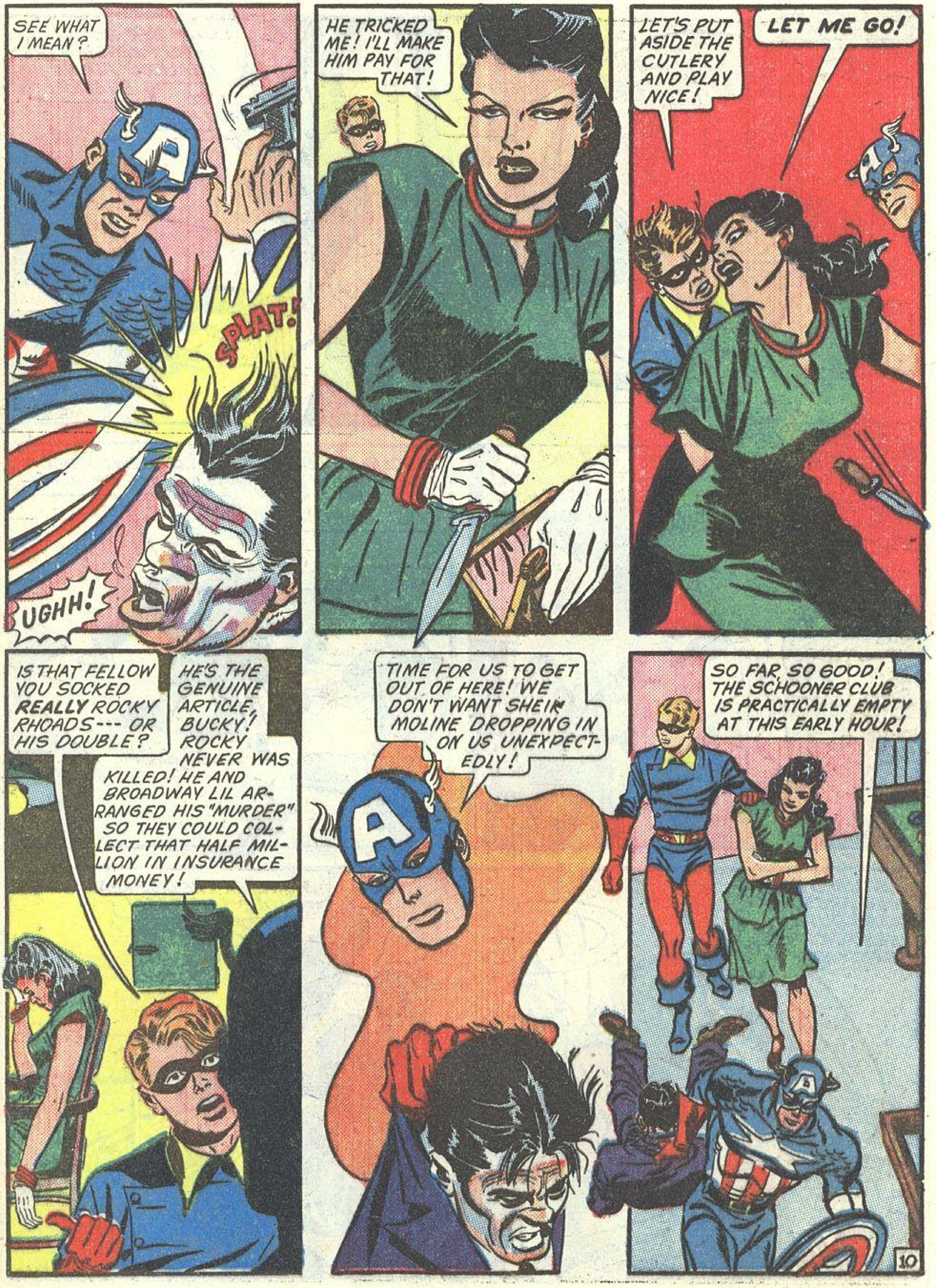

WHY DIDN'T WE TAKE SHEIK MOLINE TO JAIL?
NOT FOR THE REASON I TOLD LIL! SHEIK IS HEAD OF THE KIDNAPING RACKET IN THIS TOWN! MY GUESS IS THAT **HE** KIDNAPED ROCKY RHOADS AND HELD HIM FOR RANSOM!
6th St.
MAIN
THEN FOR SOME REASON SHEIK KILLED ROCKY?
RIGHT! AND HE WAS PAYING A VISIT TO ROCKY'S GIRL TO MAKE SURE SHE WOULDN'T SQUEAL!
JOURNEY'S END... BEFORE A FULL-MASTED SCHOONER RIDING AT ANCHOR ON A BUSY CITY STREET...
HERE'S ANOTHER PLACE WHERE WE MAY FIND EVIDENCE THAT SHEIK KILLED ROCKY RHOADS!
THE SCHOONER CLUB!
SCHOONER CLUB
SHEIK MOLINE BUILT THIS LAND-LOCKED SHIP AS A GAMBLER'S PARADISE! IT'S THE HEADQUARTERS FOR HIS CRIMINAL ACTIVITIES, TOO!
THEN...
THEY'VE SPOTTED US!
DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THEY'RE PUTTING OUT THE WELCOME MAT, EITHER!
YOU ALWAYS WERE A GENIUS FOR UNDERSTATEMENT, BUCKY!
OKAY--- SO THEY'RE DOWNRIGHT UNFRIENDLY!

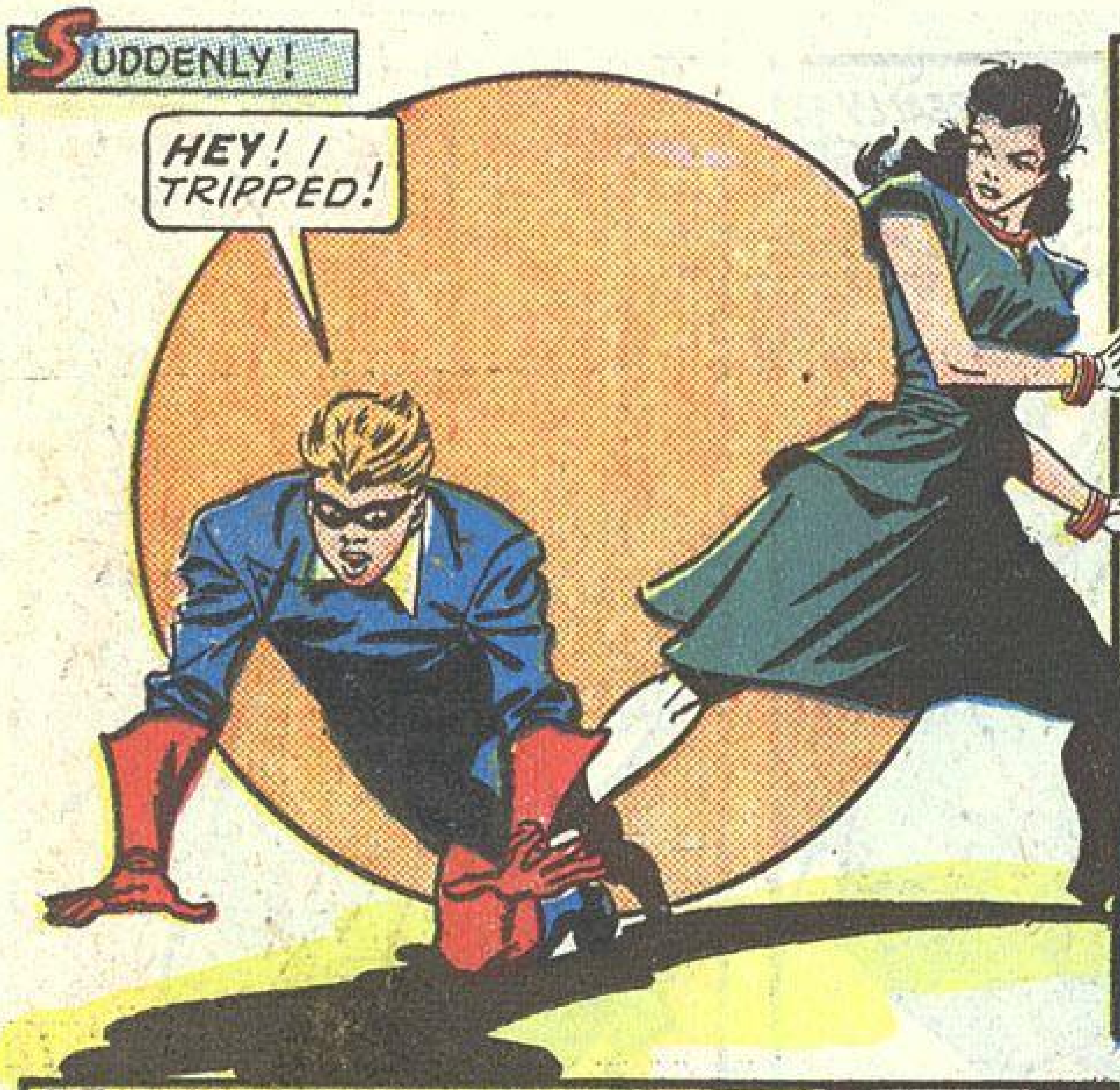

I NEED HELP, CAP!
I HEARD YOU THE FIRST TIME!
SPLOP!
WE'LL BE SAFE UP IN THE RIGGING!
DON'T THESE FELLOWS EVER GIVE UP?
OR WILL WE? THEY'RE SHOOTING AT US!
I NEVER DID LIKE TO FALL FROM HEIGHTS! ESPECIALLY WITH A BULLET IN ME!
JUMP!
I'M RIGHT WITH YOU!
A TEN-STRIKE!
YAHOO!

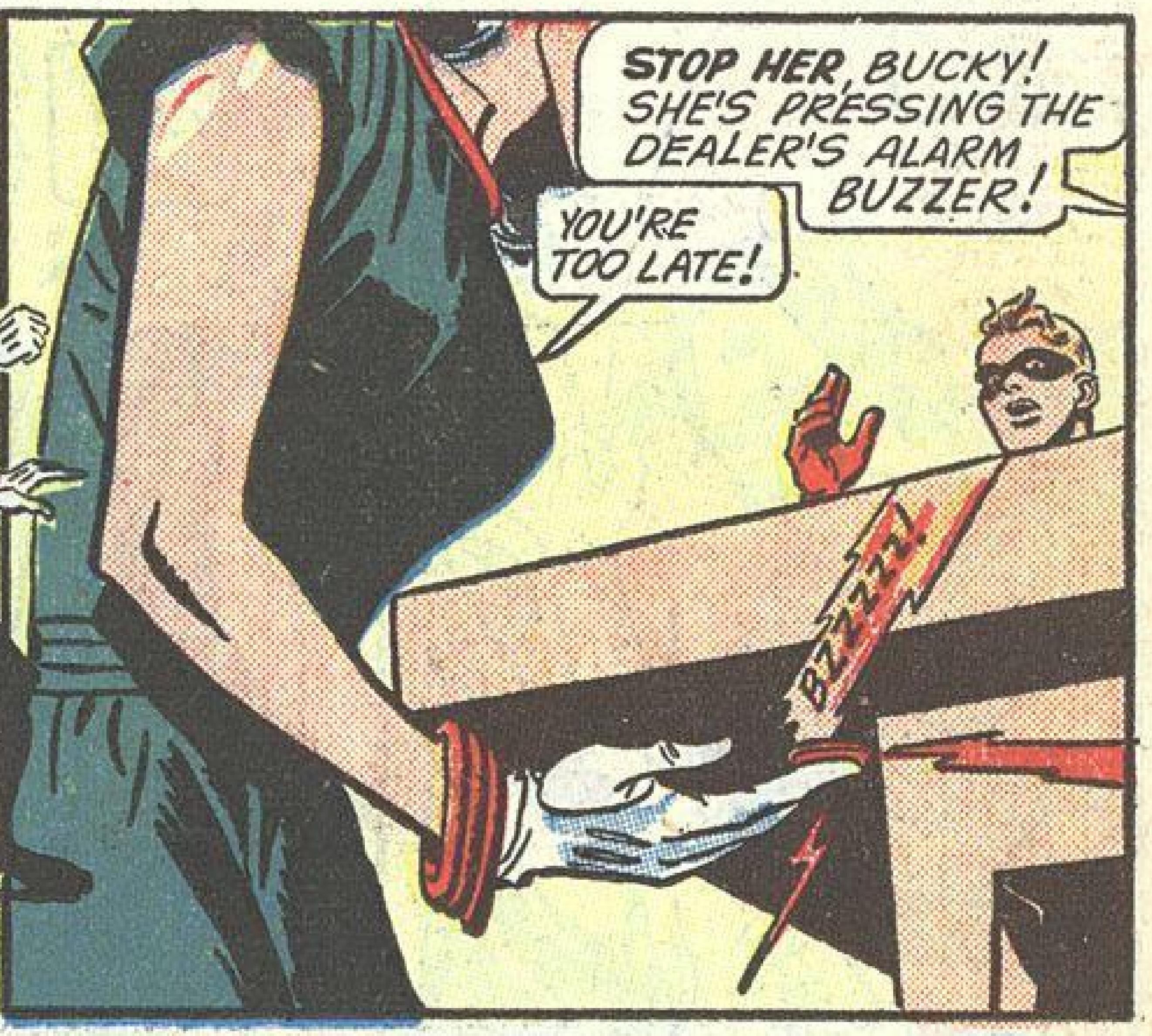

NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO SEARCH BELOW DECKS!
THOSE STRONG-ARM GUYS WILL BE LISTENING TO LULLABIES FOR A WEEK!
VERY PLUSH! I'LL BET THE SUCKERS TOSS THEIR MONEY AROUND IN HERE LIKE CONFETTI!
SHEIK MOLINE'S OFFICE MUST BE OVER THERE!
AFTER A CAREFUL SEARCH OF THE OFFICE...
HERE'S AN INTERESTING ITEM, BUCKY!
A CHECK FOR FIFTY GRAND, MADE OUT TO SHEIK MOLINE BY BROADWAY LIL! WHAT WAS SHE PAYING HIM FOR?
I GET IT! SHE PAID SHEIK MOLINE TO BUMP OFF ROCKY!
LOOKS THAT WAY, BUCKY! OUR NEXT STOP IS THE INSURANCE FIRM THAT INSPECTOR LEEDS WAS WORKING FOR!
AT THE SURE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY...
ROCKY RHOADS WAS INSURED FOR HALF-A-MILLION DOLLARS! THE BENEFICIARY IS A WOMAN NAMED BROADWAY LIL CARTER!
JUST AS I THOUGHT!
LATER, OUTSIDE BROADWAY LIL'S APARTMENT...
SO FAR, THE PIECES FIT TOGETHER! BROADWAY LIL ARRANGED TO KILL ROCKY FOR HIS INSURANCE MONEY!

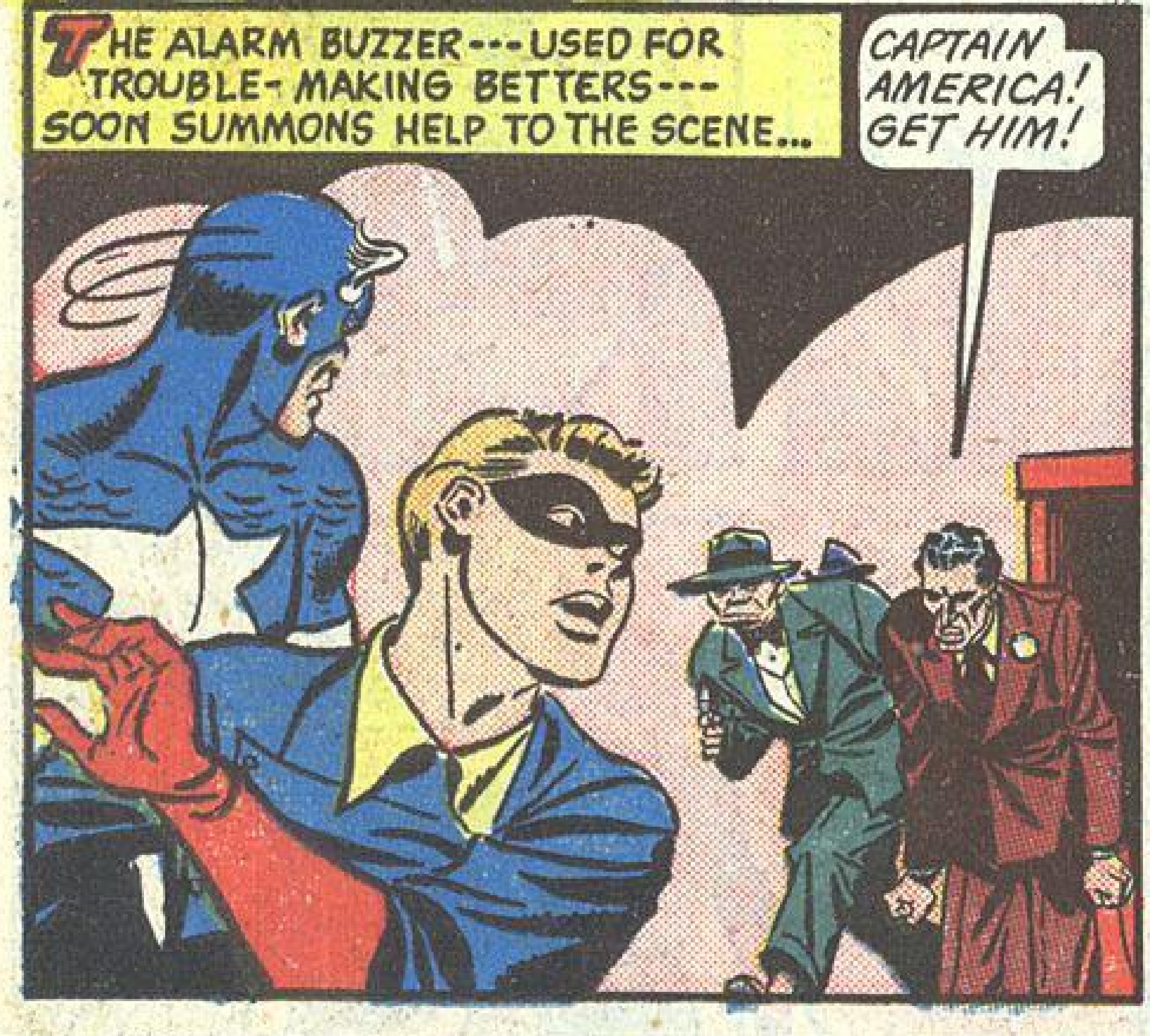

WHY DON'T WE TURN HER OVER TO THE POLICE?
BECAUSE I WANT TO MAKE SURE SHE'S GUILTY! THERE ARE A COUPLE OF FACTS THAT STILL DON'T FIT!
A MAN'S SIGNET RING IN HER POWDER BOX! PLUS A PICTURE OF ROCKY RHOADS!
THAT ADDS UP TO EXACTLY NOTHING IN MY BOOK!
YOUR BOOK NEEDS AN ADDED CHAPTER, BUCKY! A CHAPTER ON THE INTERPRETATION OF EVIDENCE!
OKAY, I'LL BITE! WHAT DO THE RING AND THE PICTURE MEAN TO YOU?
THEY MEAN BROADWAY LIL IS INNOCENT! SHE DIDN'T PAY ANYONE TO KILL ROCKY RHOADS! SHE WAS STILL CRAZY ABOUT HIM...
...OR SHE WOULDN'T HAVE KEPT HIS RING AND PICTURE? IT MAKES SENSE AT THAT!
THE CITY MORGUE...
WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE, CAP?
WORKING OUT A THEORY, BUCKY... I WANT TO CONSULT THE RECORD OF ROCKY RHOADS' BODY!
NOTICE ANYTHING PECULIAR ABOUT THIS RECORD?
NO! IT SAYS ROCKY WAS KILLED BY A SHOTGUN BLAST IN THE FACE...THERE WERE NO OTHER WOUNDS!
IT MENTIONS THAT ROCKY WAS WEARING A SIGNET RING WHEN HIS BODY WAS FOUND. THAT'S THE LAST CLUE I NEEDED... I KNOW THE MAN I WANT NOW!

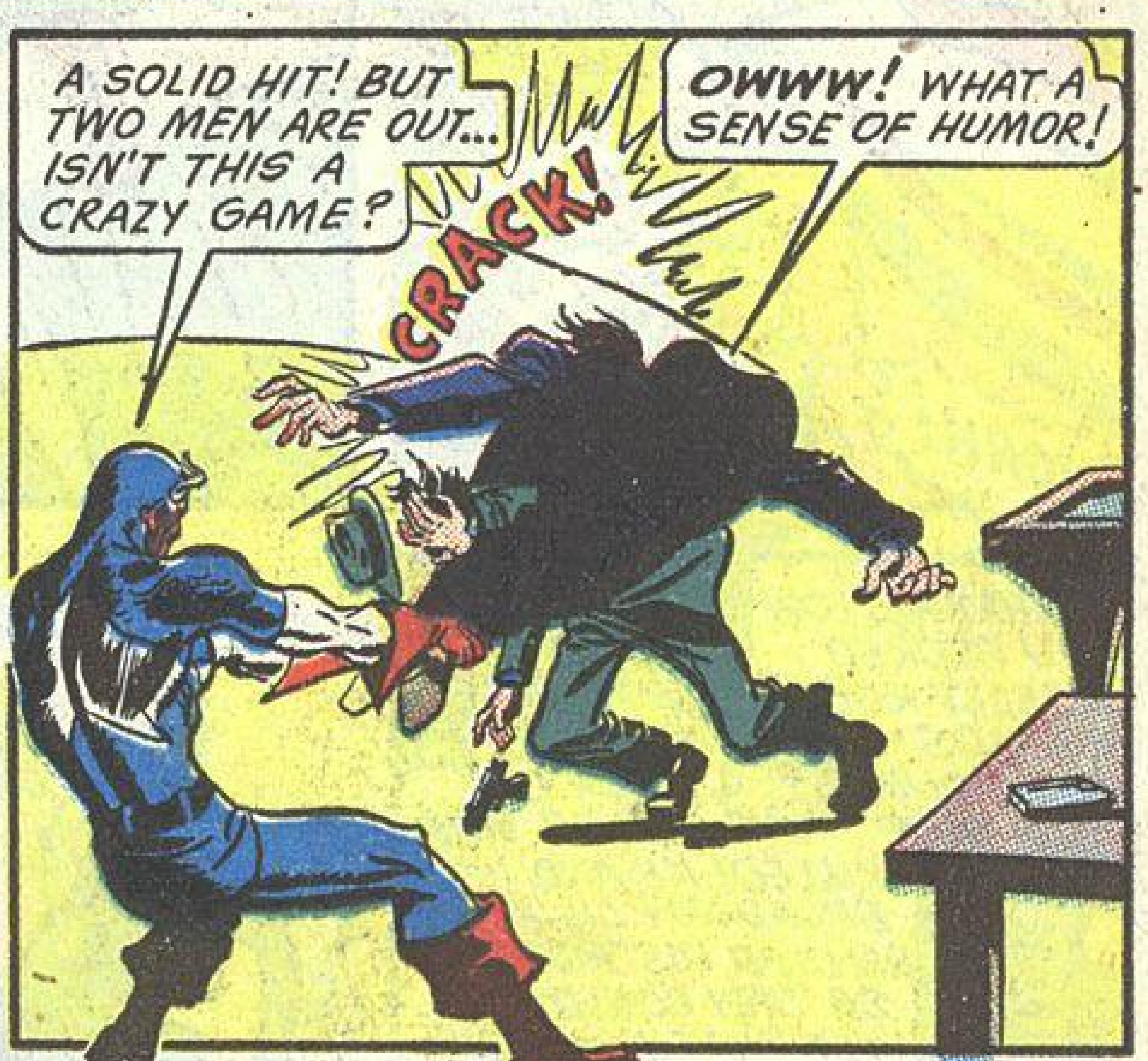

NEXT DAY, A LETTER ARRIVES FOR BROADWAY LIL...
IT'S FROM HIM! HE WANTS TO SEE ME RIGHT AWAY!
SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG! HE KNOWS THE DEAL ISN'T READY TO GO THROUGH! HE WASN'T SUPPOSED TO CONTACT ME YET!
BROADWAY LIL HURRIES TO THE SCHOONER CLUB... DOGGING HER TRAIL ARE TWO PERSISTENT SHADOWS...
SHALL WE FOLLOW HER INSIDE, CAP?
WE'LL MAKE OUR USUAL ENTRANCE!
THE WAY WE KEEP SNEAKING IN, ANYONE WOULD THINK WE WEREN'T WELCOME!
MOMENTS LATER...
LIL WENT INSIDE THIS CABIN... READY, BUCKY?
SURE! BUT I WISH I KNEW WHAT FOR!
I WANT YOU TO MEET .....ROCKY RHOADS!
WHA..?
DON'T GO FOR YOUR GUN, ROCKY! IT WON'T HELP!

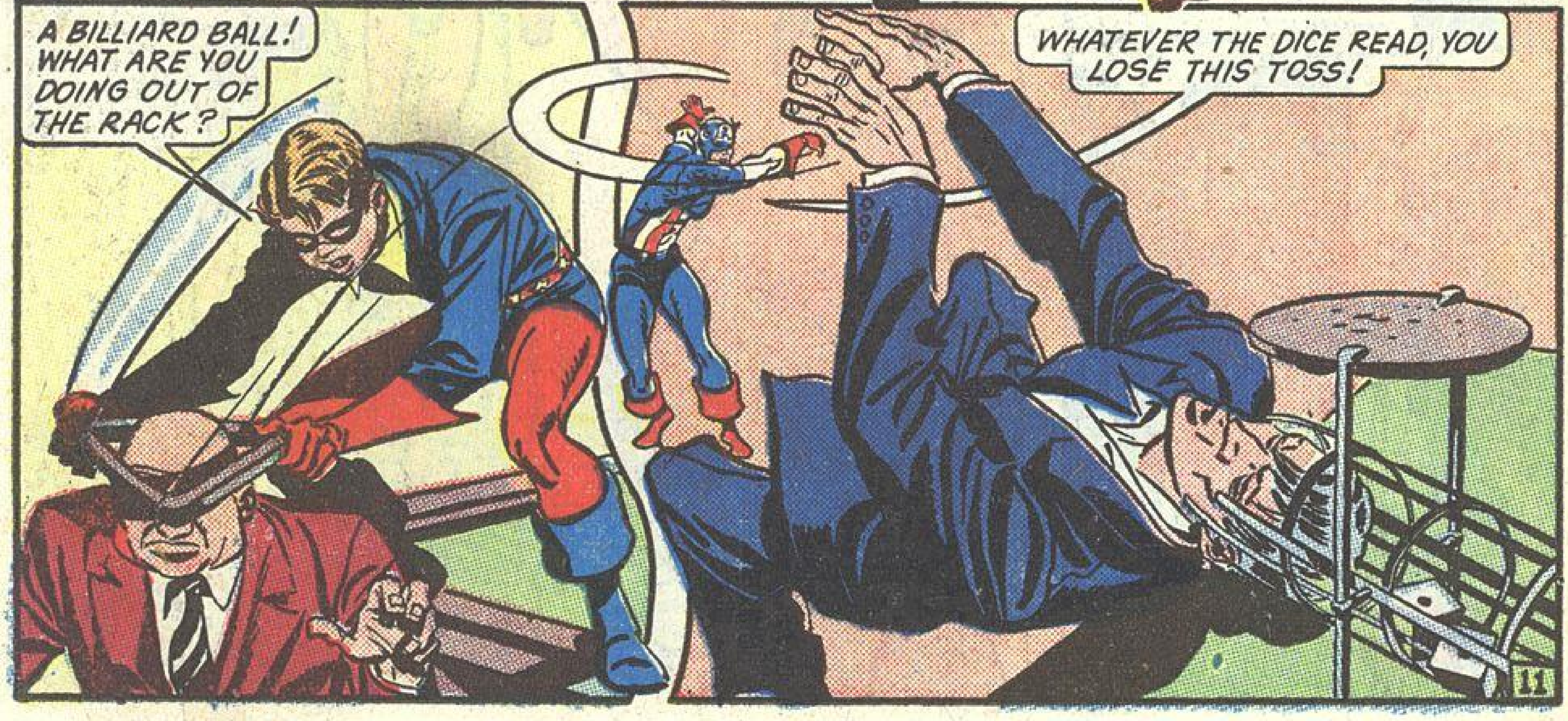

SEE WHAT I MEAN?
SPLAT!
UGHH!
HE TRICKED ME! I'LL MAKE HIM PAY FOR THAT!
LET'S PUT ASIDE THE CUTLERY AND PLAY NICE!
LET ME GO!
IS THAT FELLOW YOU SOCKED **REALLY** ROCKY RHOADS--- OR HIS DOUBLE?
HE'S THE GENUINE ARTICLE, BUCKY! ROCKY NEVER WAS KILLED! HE AND BROADWAY LIL ARRANGED HIS "MURDER" SO THEY COULD COLLECT THAT HALF MILLION IN INSURANCE MONEY!
TIME FOR US TO GET OUT OF HERE! WE DON'T WANT SHEIK MOLINE DROPPING IN ON US UNEXPECTEDLY!
SO FAR, SO GOOD! THE SCHOONER CLUB IS PRACTICALLY EMPTY AT THIS EARLY HOUR!

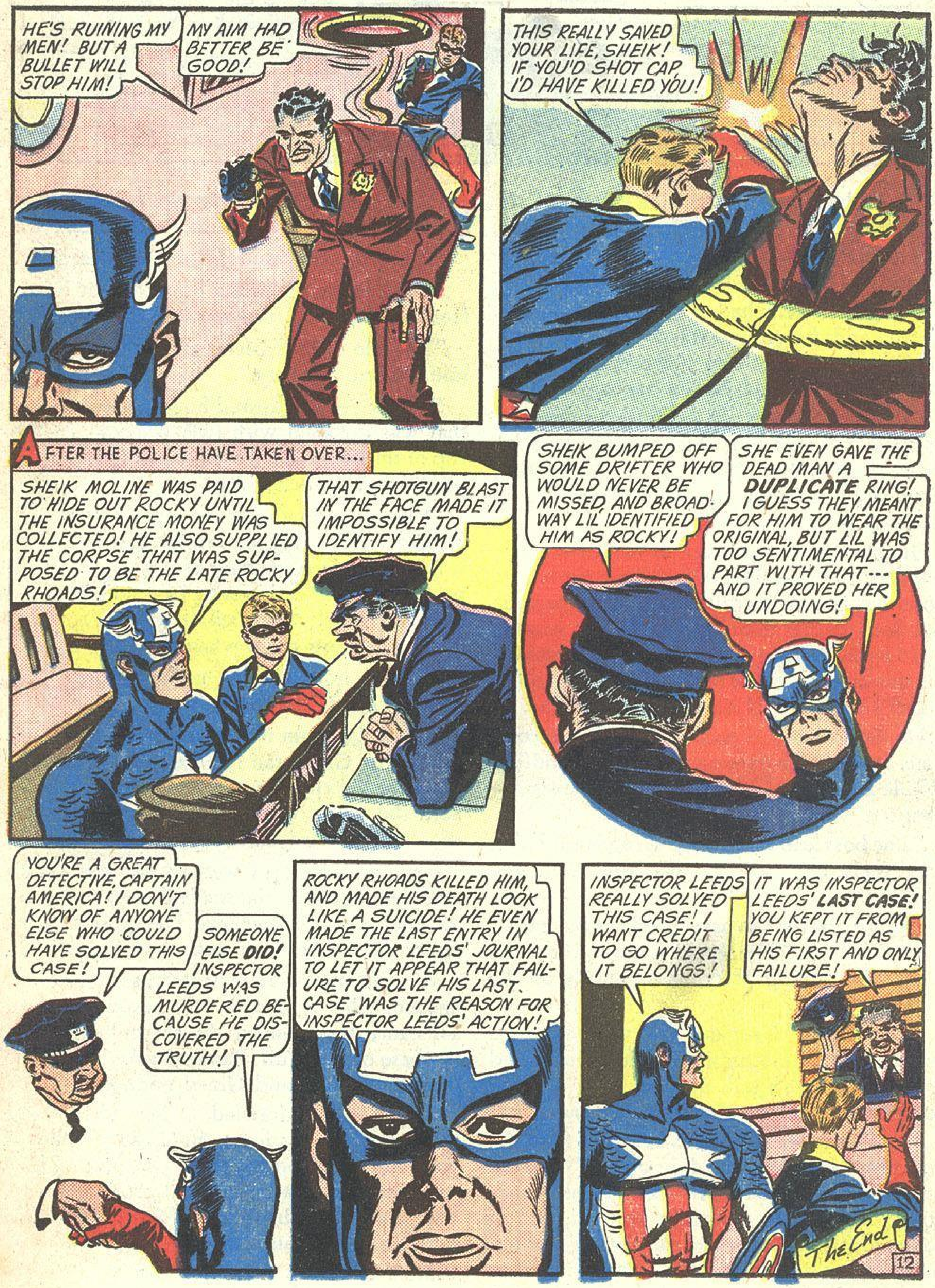

SUDDENLY!
HEY! I TRIPPED!


STOP HER, BUCKY! SHE'S PRESSING THE DEALER'S ALARM BUZZER!
YOU'RE TOO LATE!
BZZZZZ!

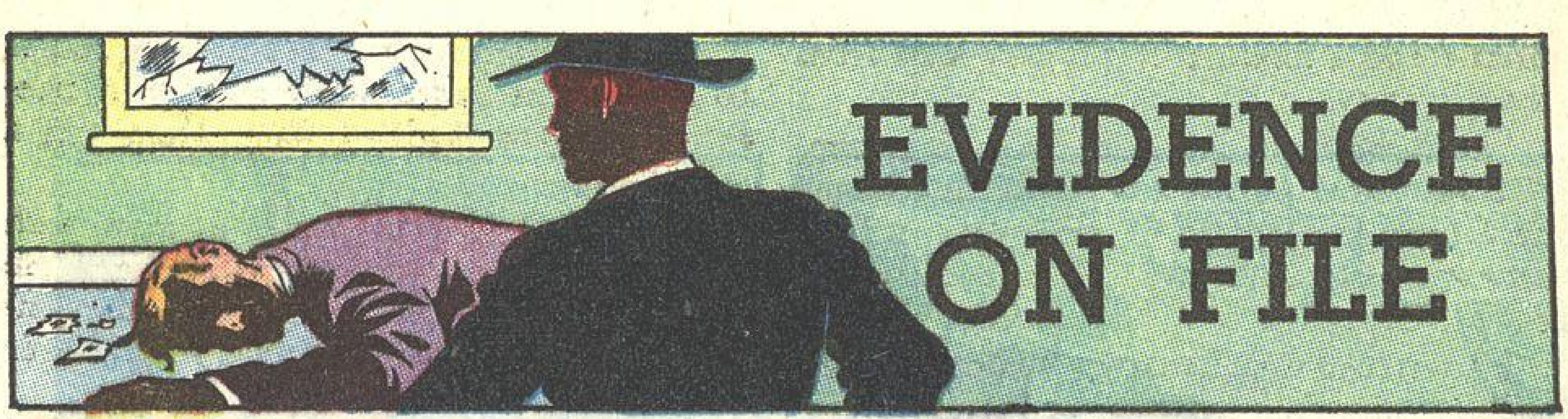

THE ALARM BUZZER---USED FOR TROUBLE-MAKING BETTERS---SOON SUMMONS HELP TO THE SCENE...
CAPTAIN AMERICA! GET HIM!


A SOLID HIT! BUT TWO MEN ARE OUT... ISN'T THIS A CRAZY GAME?
OWWW! WHAT A SENSE OF HUMOR!
CRACK!


A BILLIARD BALL! WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT OF THE RACK?
WHATEVER THE DICE READ, YOU LOSE THIS TOSS!


HE'S RUINING MY MEN! BUT A BULLET WILL STOP HIM!
MY AIM HAD BETTER BE GOOD!
THIS REALLY SAVED YOUR LIFE, SHEIK! IF YOU'D SHOT CAP I'D HAVE KILLED YOU!
AFTER THE POLICE HAVE TAKEN OVER...
SHEIK MOLINE WAS PAID TO HIDE OUT ROCKY UNTIL THE INSURANCE MONEY WAS COLLECTED! HE ALSO SUPPLIED THE CORPSE THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE THE LATE ROCKY RHOADS!
THAT SHOTGUN BLAST IN THE FACE MADE IT IMPOSSIBLE TO IDENTIFY HIM!
SHEIK BUMPED OFF SOME DRIFTER WHO WOULD NEVER BE MISSED, AND BROADWAY LIL IDENTIFIED HIM AS ROCKY!
SHE EVEN GAVE THE DEAD MAN A DUPLICATE RING! I GUESS THEY MEANT FOR HIM TO WEAR THE ORIGINAL, BUT LIL WAS TOO SENTIMENTAL TO PART WITH THAT--- AND IT PROVED HER UNDOING!
YOU'RE A GREAT DETECTIVE, CAPTAIN AMERICA! I DON'T KNOW OF ANYONE ELSE WHO COULD HAVE SOLVED THIS CASE!
SOMEONE ELSE DID! INSPECTOR LEEDS WAS MURDERED BECAUSE HE DISCOVERED THE TRUTH!
ROCKY RHOADS KILLED HIM, AND MADE HIS DEATH LOOK LIKE A SUICIDE! HE EVEN MADE THE LAST ENTRY IN INSPECTOR LEEDS' JOURNAL TO LET IT APPEAR THAT FAILURE TO SOLVE HIS LAST CASE WAS THE REASON FOR INSPECTOR LEEDS' ACTION!
INSPECTOR LEEDS REALLY SOLVED THIS CASE! I WANT CREDIT TO GO WHERE IT BELONGS!
IT WAS INSPECTOR LEEDS' LAST CASE! YOU KEPT IT FROM BEING LISTED AS HIS FIRST AND ONLY FAILURE!
The End
12

EVIDENCE ON FILE



ALL of the bright lights of the Palomar Cafe were out when Nick Banion of the county sheriff's office drove up the driveway and parked his car in front of the place.

A slight drizzle had set in earlier in the evening and the ground was wet, sodden, and the air was miserable as the raw chill of an early fall penetrated Nick's bones.

He climbed out of the car with a twinge in his back that told him there would be no let up in the weather this night, a twinge that came from a bullet wound received in the battle of the bulge.

His eyes missed nothing as he covered the few feet between the car and the road house. Countless tire marks told him how the patrons had fled, plainer than any words of a witness could have. Patrons who should have remained for questioning if the telephone report to the sheriff's office a half hour before was true.

He didn't have to push the buzzer a second time. Quickly the door opened and the smiling affable Dinsmore Grogan opened the door for him.

"The boss is in at the bar," Grogan told him. "He feels all cut up over this. Bad for business."

"Killing never has been good for business," Nick told him. "The sheriff is out. Over at the lakes on a fishing party, so I came in on the case."

"Yeah, sure," Grogan's grin wore the same professional non-committal look it did behind the bar. "There's talk around town of your being pretty hot on this detective business."

Nick hardly heard him as he strode from the foyer that separated the dining room from the bar. He knew that there was gambling upstairs. The whole township knew it. But as long as Charlie Green had run a straight place, both the township and politics had winked an eye at it. This though was different.

Green was sitting at the bar holding his head in his hands as though he were asleep. As Banion came up beside him he raised his head and looked at him with worry-filled eyes.

"Want to go upstairs?" he asked casually.

At the shake of Nick's head, he got down from the bar stool and crooked his finger.

"You ain't never been up here before," he said. "Come this way."

Silently Nick followed him up the stairway that was carpeted with lush oriental. At the top of the stairs Green took some keys from his pocket and opened a door.

"I know this will get me a gambling rap," he said as Nick stepped inside, "but I thought it best to leave everything as it was. Usually if we get word there is gonna be a raid, we hide the stuff in that vault behind a panel and this is only a living room when the cops arrive."

Banion nodded his understanding and stepped inside the room.

The large room was an elaborate gambling outfit that Green ran for the summer visitors from the big city. Two roulette wheels dominated the room, while in the far corner were dice tables. Card tables sprinkled the room.

But Banion's eyes weren't for the equipment. He had seen the stuff all over Europe in various stages of wreckage. His eyes lit on the figure lying face down near the window.

A superficial examination was all that was needed. The dead man was beyond medical assistance the moment the bullet hit him in the base of the skull. Banion looked up to the broken window and Green nodded.

"Yeah," he drawled. "The shot came through there. I tried to hold the people for you for questioning, but you know how gamblers are. They wanted to get out of here, but fast!" He shrugged. "Well, there was nothing that I could do to hold them."

Nick carefully examined the glass on the floor. The window had been completely shattered. He picked up one small piece of glass and felt it. It was greasy with the night's drizzle and a mixture of slippery mud from the driveway.

"Lock the room up again!" Nick told him. "There is nothing I can do until the coroner gets here and I may as well have a look around outside. I don't think anybody would be fool enough to drop the gun though."

He watched Charlie Green while he locked the door and then stretched out his hand.

"I'll take those keys now," he said quietly. "Nobody is allowed in that room until the coroner gets here."

For a moment there was a battle of eyes. Those of Green were the first to give in.

"Okay, if you say so," he shrugged. "Just seems funny for me to hand them over, that's all."

Once outside again, Nick grabbed the five cell flashlight from his car and started a systematic search of the grounds. About twenty five feet from the building, in the center of the driveway, his eyes suddenly lit on a gun.

Gingerly, with handkerchief in hand, he picked it up by the barrel and examined it.

"Thirty-eight," he muttered to himself. "The same calibre that did the killing." Still holding it carefully by the barrel, he brought it back to his coupe and opened the rear of the car.

The inside of the car-back held a complete chest with two small doors that opened outward. As he swung the doors open a switch concealed in the door switched on the six volt light in the cabinet that was connected with the battery of the car. Inside there was a camera, flash-gun and bulbs and lines of bottles of reagents held in place by staunch clips that would keep the bottles from toppling when the car hit a bump.

Carefully he dusted the butt of the gun and examined it for finger-prints. He wiped the powder off in disgust. The but had been wiped clean as he expected.

Next he examined the top of the barrel to make a record of the serial number. His eyes crinkled in perplexity as he saw that the numbers on the gun had been recently filed clean. Where there should have been a record of the manufacturer's number was a spot of bright shining steel.

Banion reached into the cabinet and took a six inch test tube from one of the clips. From a wide mouthed reagent bottle he took a few blue-green crystals of copper sulphate. To this he added pure hydrochloric acid; then carefully he added distilled water from still a third bottle.

Carefully he covered the shining metal with this fluid and then waited fifteen seconds. He carried the gun into the roadhouse and examined it under the light. A few moments later he headed for the telephone booth.

When he came out of the booth, he wiped off the gun. As he went into the bar-room, he found Green in the same position that he was in when Nick first entered. Nick threw the gun on the bar.

"Found this out in the driveway," he said to Green. "Ever see it before?"

Green eyed the gun as though it were something from the Fiji Islands.

"Can't say I have." Green answered. "You can trace it from the number though and that will clear my joint."

Nick's own service pistol was in his hand before he spoke again.

"Can't say it will clear *you*, Charlie," he said softly. "I just traced it on the telephone and they say you bought the gun ten years ago right here in town."

Green turned on Nick with a snarl.

"What d'ya mean?" he asked, his lips pulled back over his teeth. "How can you trace filed num . . ?" he stopped his face red as he realized that he had trapped himself.

There was a click as the handcuffs snapped on Green.

"You didn't do yourself any harm by that statement," Banion told him in a sad tone of voice. "I really checked the number on that gun. You see, when you apply etching fluid to filed numbers, the numbers come out again. What made you do it . . . a winner you couldn't pay off?"

Green nodded dumbly.

As Banion loaded the now subdued Green into his car and climbed in and took the wheel he shook his head sadly.

"You guys will never learn that the law knows something these days. You thought you could erase the evidence by filing the numbers. The state was one ahead of you on that one though. They filed the evidence ten years ago, when you *bought* the gun!"

F-27

— THE END —

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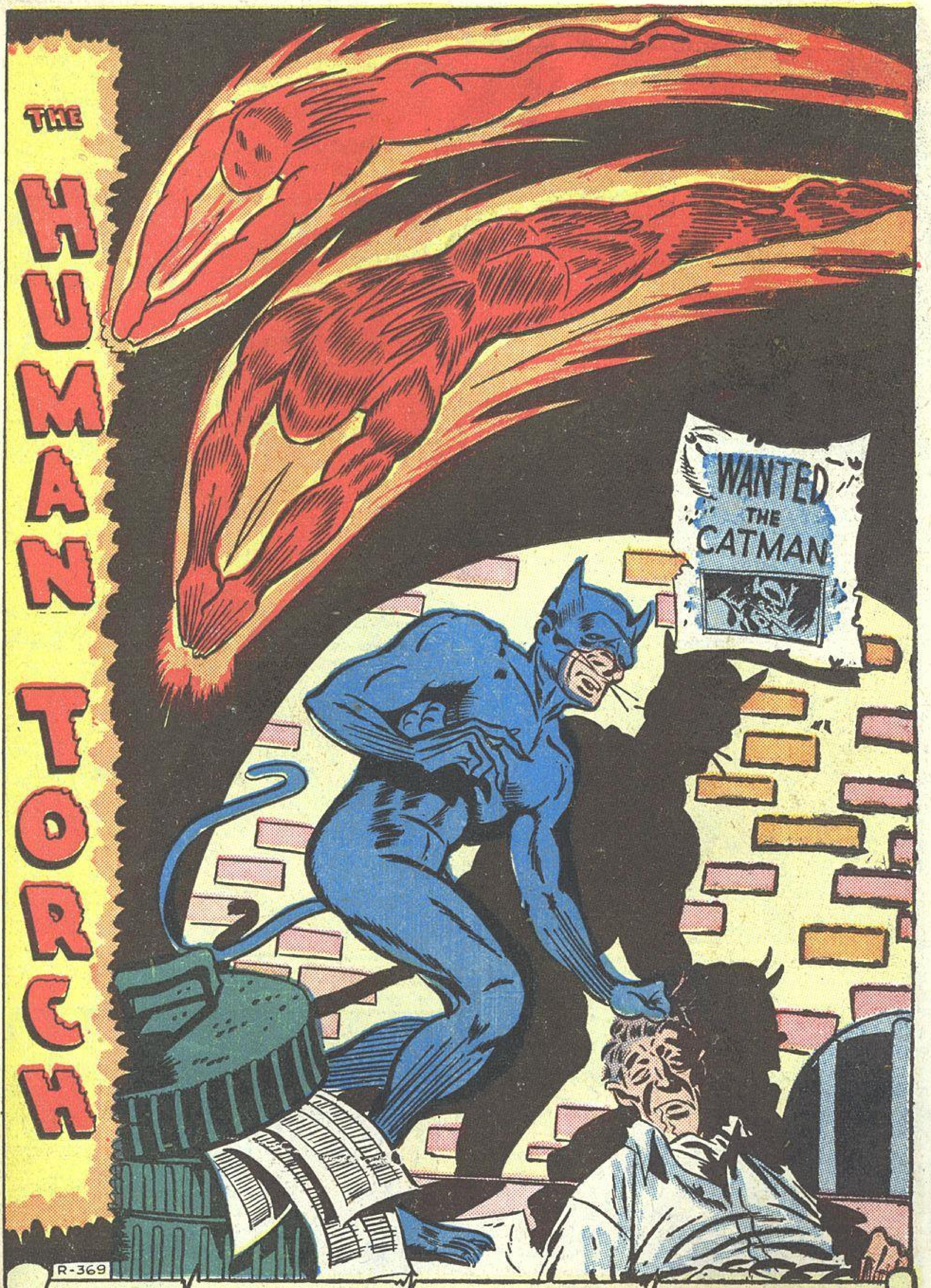
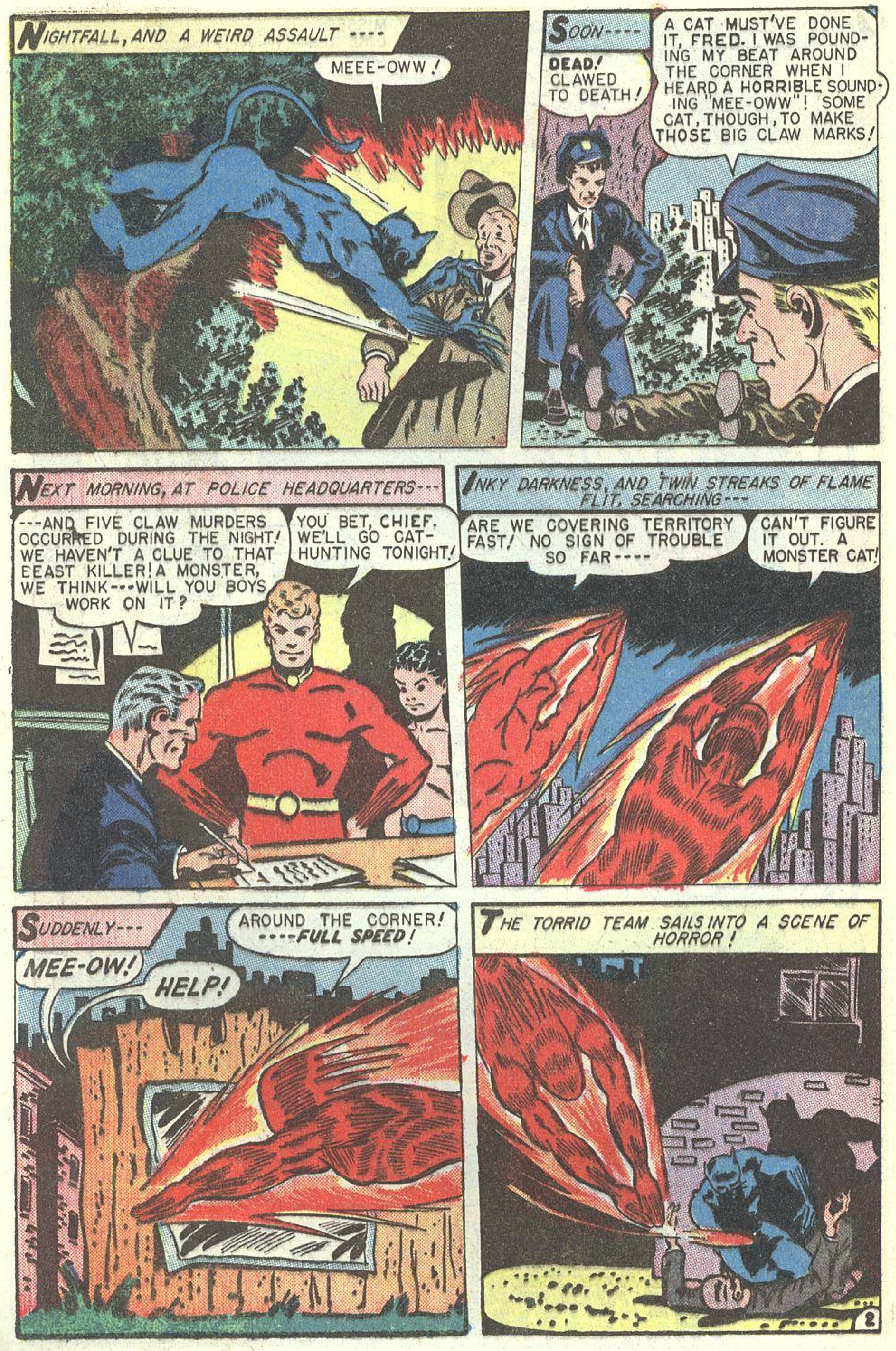
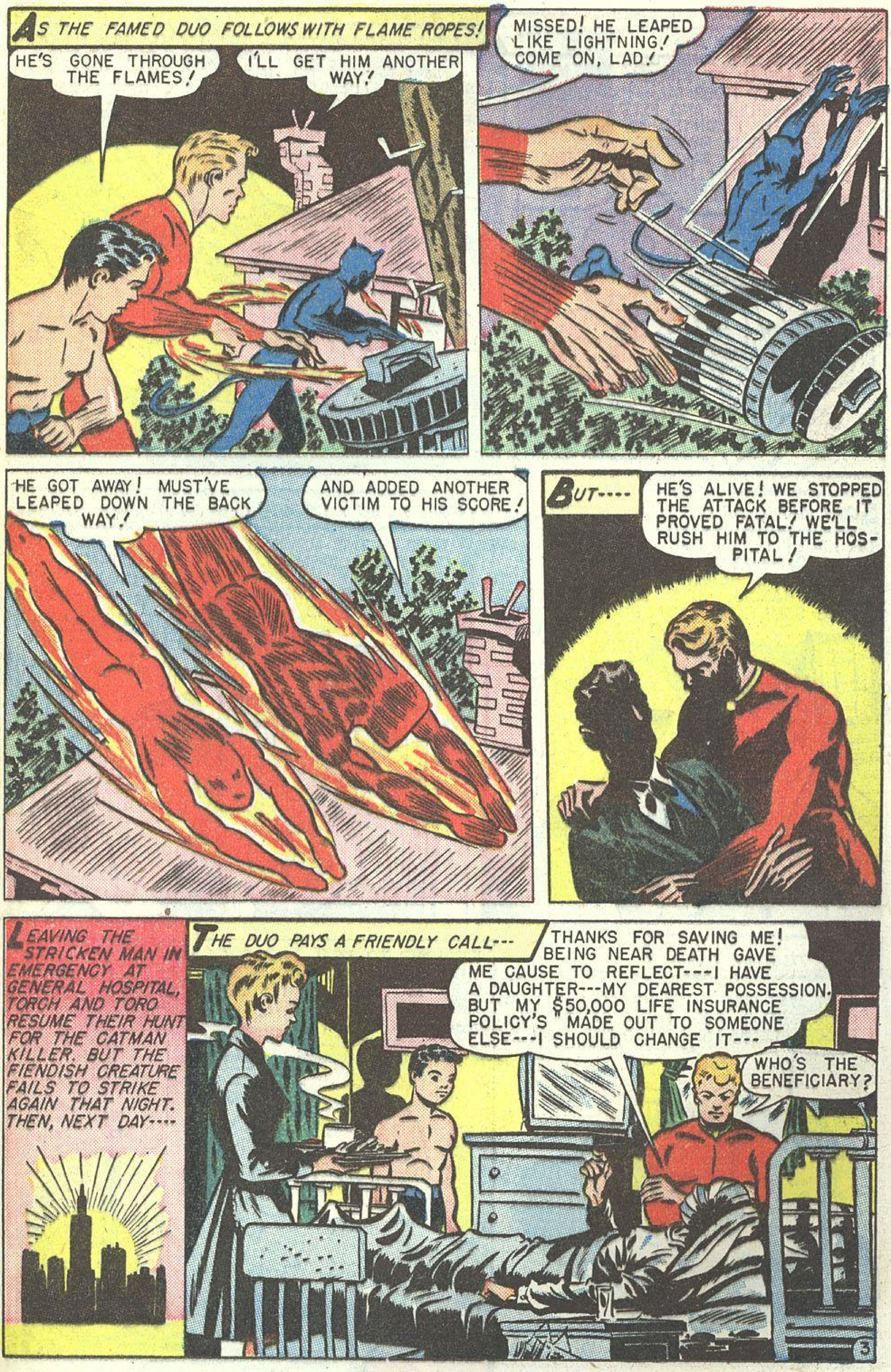
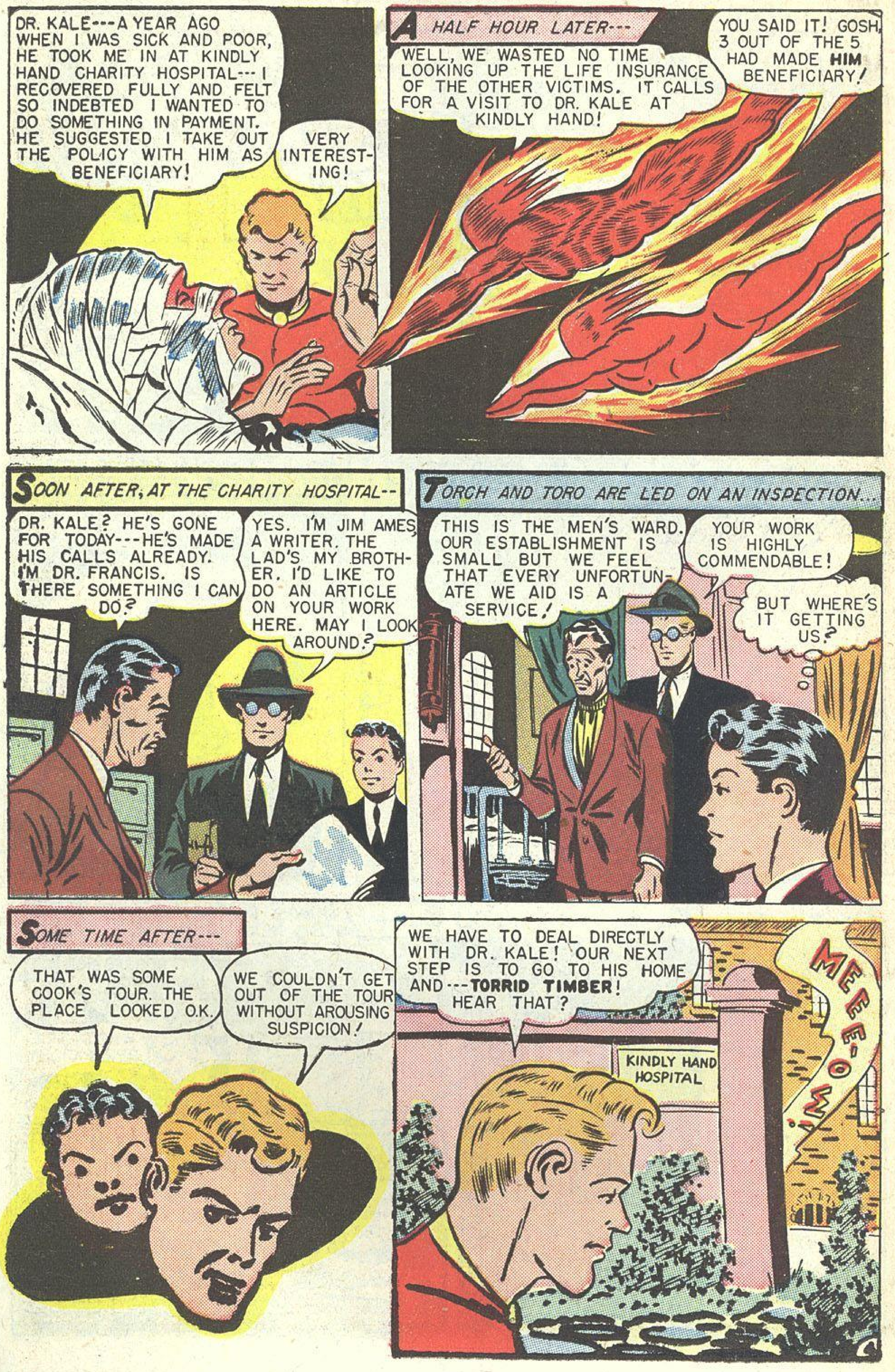


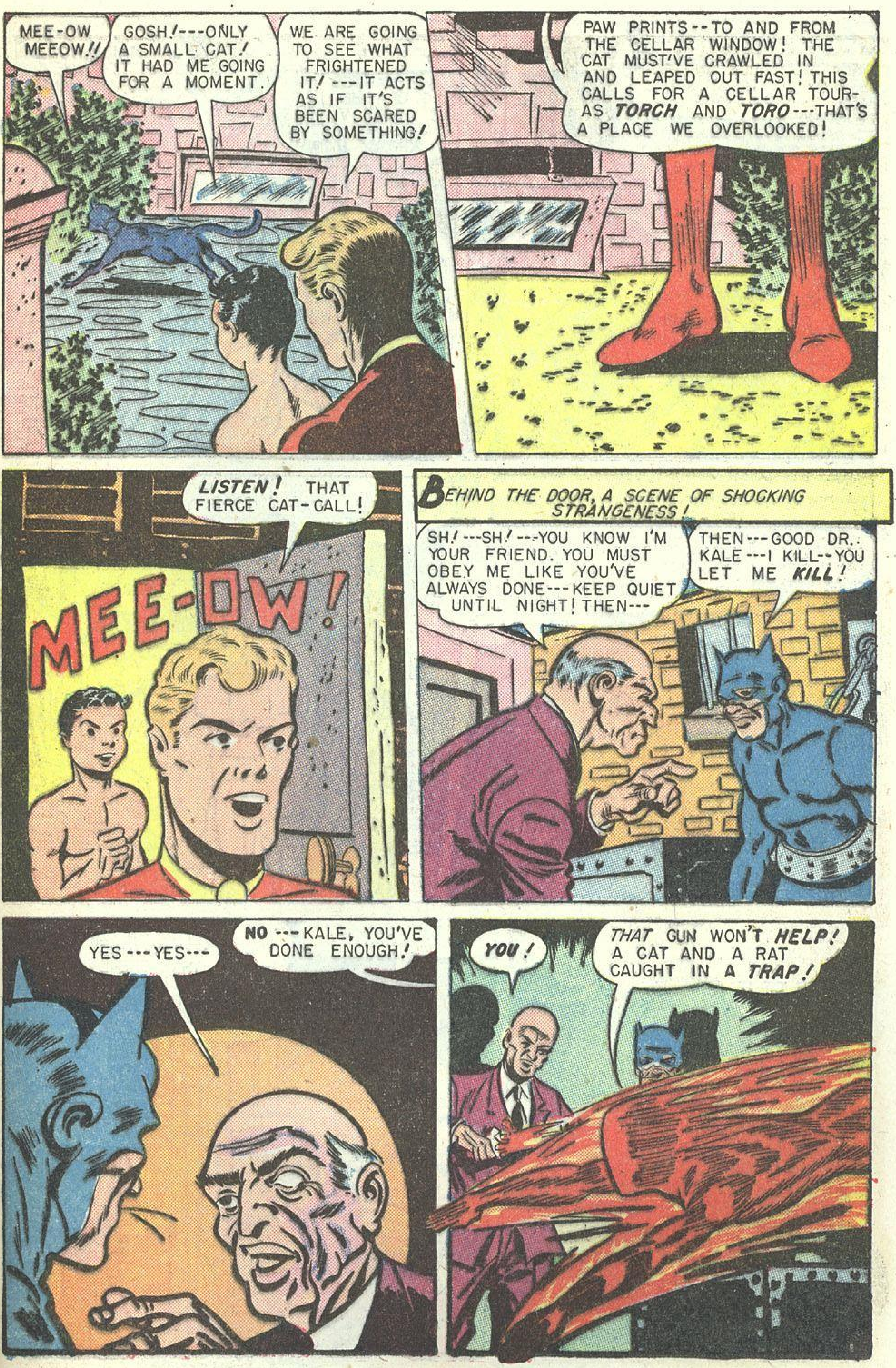
BEWARE THE BLACK CAT ---AN OMEN OF EVIL TO THE SUPERSTITIOUS ---DON'T LET IT CROSS YOUR PATH, THEY WARN ---MERE SUPERSTITION ---BUT WHEN THE FIENDISH CATMAN CROSSES A PATH, THAT'S REAL CAUSE FOR TERROR ---UNTIL THAT PUNCH-PACKED FLAME TEAM, **TORCH AND TORO**, PICKS A PATH, A THRILL-THROBBING TRAIL, AS THEY PERILOUSLY TACKLE THE STARTLING CASE OF.........

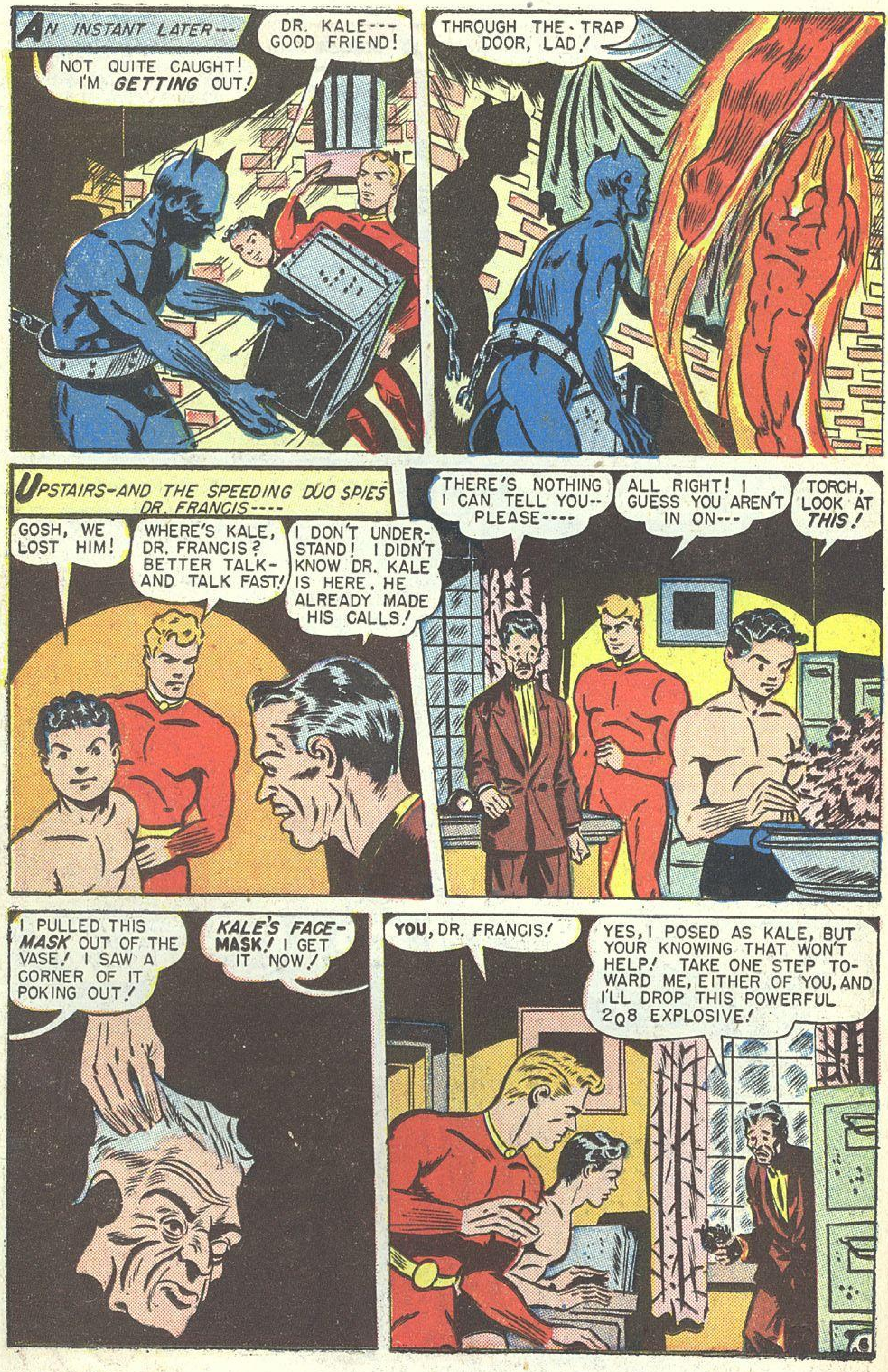
"THE CATMAN *MURDERS!*"

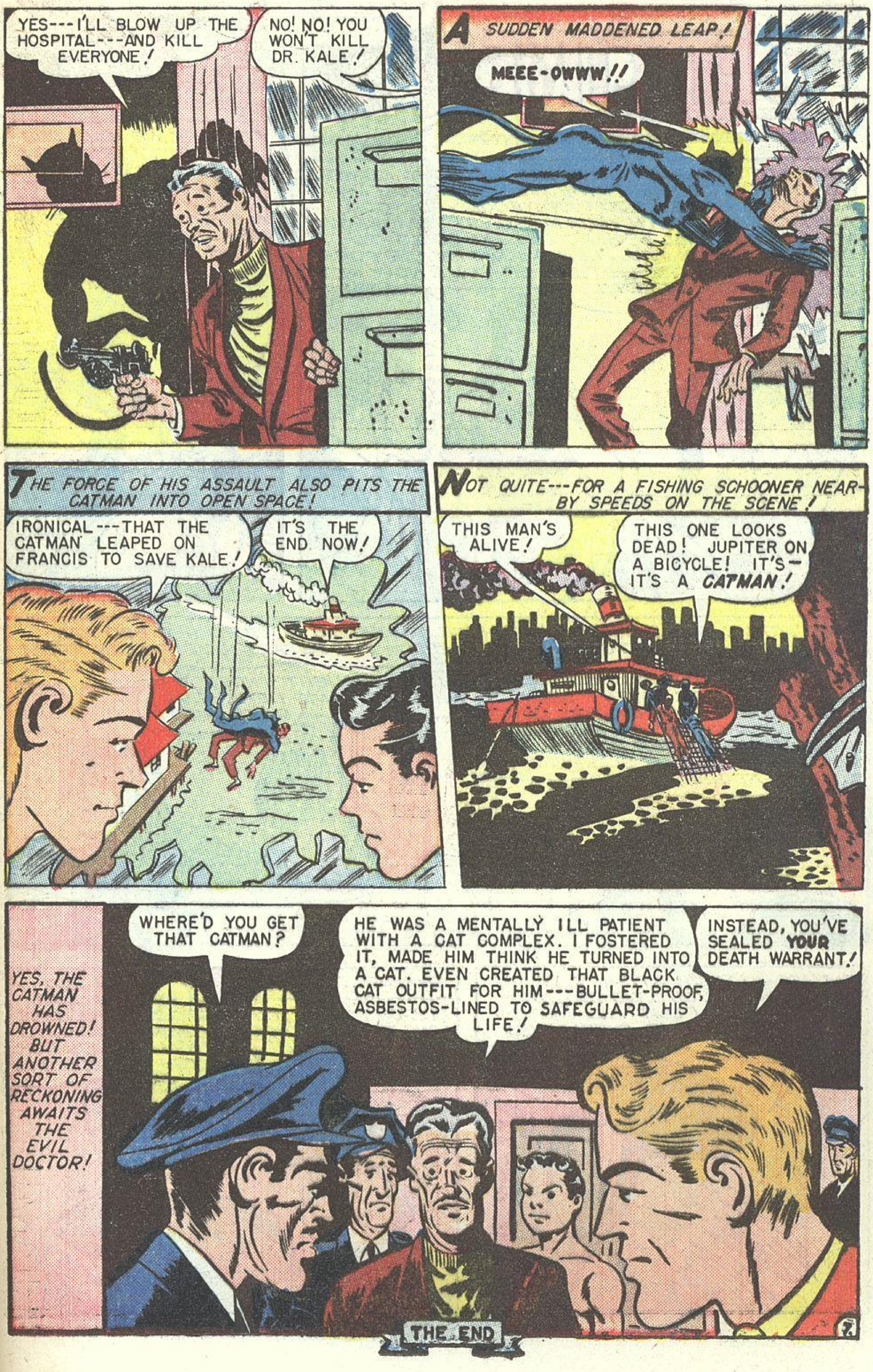

NIGHTFALL, AND A WEIRD ASSAULT ----
MEEE-OWW!
SOON----
DEAD! CLAWED TO DEATH!
A CAT MUST'VE DONE IT, FRED. I WAS POUNDING MY BEAT AROUND THE CORNER WHEN I HEARD A HORRIBLE SOUNDING "MEE-OWW"! SOME CAT, THOUGH, TO MAKE THOSE BIG CLAW MARKS!
NEXT MORNING, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS---
---AND FIVE CLAW MURDERS OCCURRED DURING THE NIGHT! WE HAVEN'T A CLUE TO THAT BEAST KILLER! A MONSTER, WE THINK---WILL YOU BOYS WORK ON IT?
YOU BET, CHIEF. WE'LL GO CAT-HUNTING TONIGHT!
INKY DARKNESS, AND TWIN STREAKS OF FLAME FLIT, SEARCHING---
ARE WE COVERING TERRITORY FAST! NO SIGN OF TROUBLE SO FAR----
CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT. A MONSTER CAT!
SUDDENLY---
MEE-OW!
HELP!
AROUND THE CORNER! ----FULL SPEED!
THE TORRID TEAM SAILS INTO A SCENE OF HORROR!
2

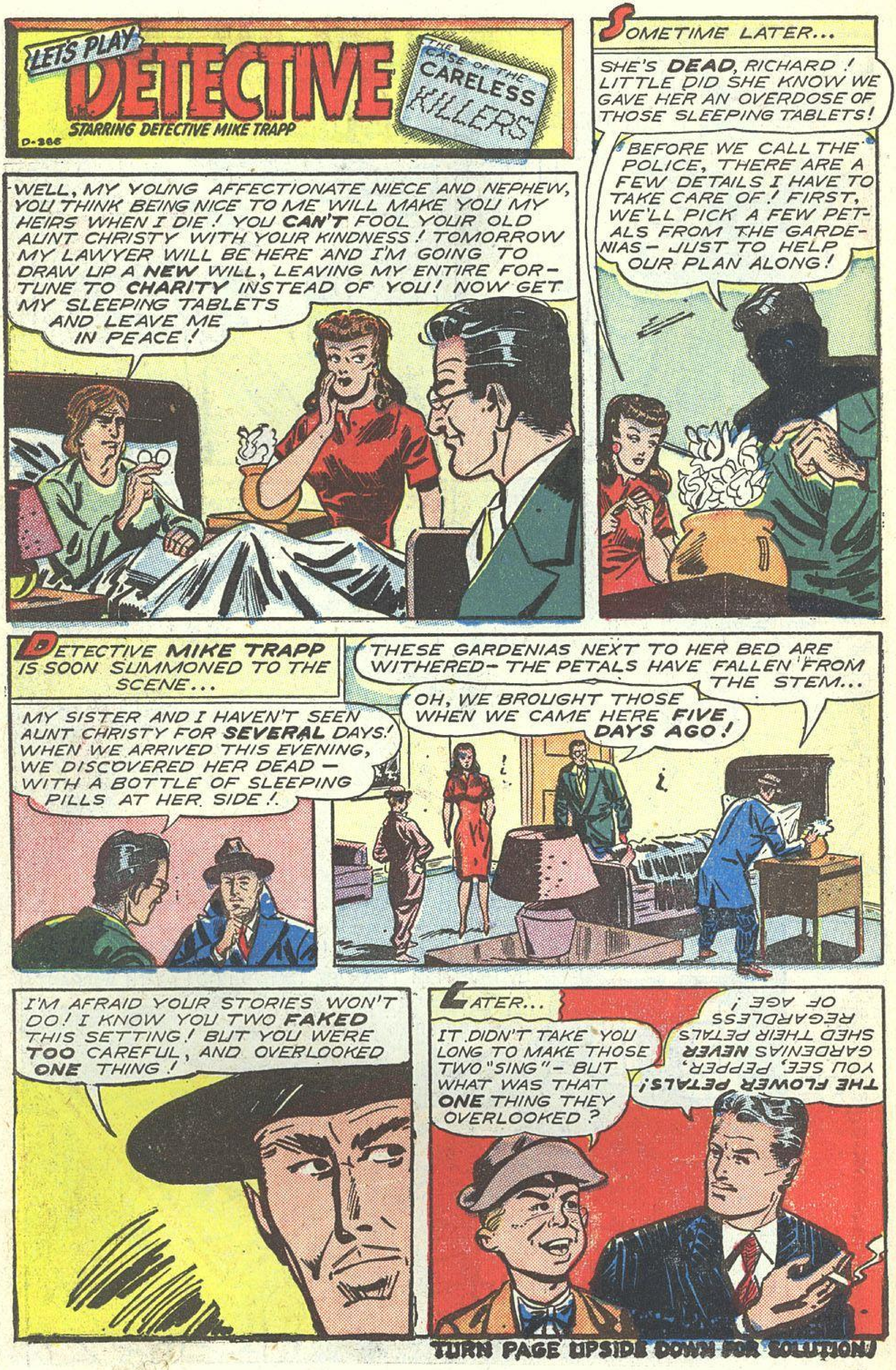

AS THE FAMED DUO FOLLOWS WITH FLAME ROPES!
HE'S GONE THROUGH THE FLAMES!
I'LL GET HIM ANOTHER WAY!
MISSED! HE LEAPED LIKE LIGHTNING! COME ON, LAD!
HE GOT AWAY! MUST'VE LEAPED DOWN THE BACK WAY!
AND ADDED ANOTHER VICTIM TO HIS SCORE!
BUT----
HE'S ALIVE! WE STOPPED THE ATTACK BEFORE IT PROVED FATAL! WE'LL RUSH HIM TO THE HOSPITAL!
LEAVING THE STRICKEN MAN IN EMERGENCY AT GENERAL HOSPITAL, TORCH AND TORO RESUME THEIR HUNT FOR THE CATMAN KILLER. BUT THE FIENDISH CREATURE FAILS TO STRIKE AGAIN THAT NIGHT. THEN, NEXT DAY----
THE DUO PAYS A FRIENDLY CALL---
THANKS FOR SAVING ME! BEING NEAR DEATH GAVE ME CAUSE TO REFLECT---I HAVE A DAUGHTER---MY DEAREST POSSESSION. BUT MY $50,000 LIFE INSURANCE POLICY'S MADE OUT TO SOMEONE ELSE---I SHOULD CHANGE IT---
WHO'S THE BENEFICIARY?


DR. KALE---A YEAR AGO WHEN I WAS SICK AND POOR, HE TOOK ME IN AT KINDLY HAND CHARITY HOSPITAL---I RECOVERED FULLY AND FELT SO INDEBTED I WANTED TO DO SOMETHING IN PAYMENT. HE SUGGESTED I TAKE OUT THE POLICY WITH HIM AS BENEFICIARY!
VERY INTERESTING!
A HALF HOUR LATER---
WELL, WE WASTED NO TIME LOOKING UP THE LIFE INSURANCE OF THE OTHER VICTIMS. IT CALLS FOR A VISIT TO DR. KALE AT KINDLY HAND!
YOU SAID IT! GOSH, 3 OUT OF THE 5 HAD MADE **HIM** BENEFICIARY!
SOON AFTER, AT THE CHARITY HOSPITAL--
DR. KALE? HE'S GONE FOR TODAY---HE'S MADE HIS CALLS ALREADY. I'M DR. FRANCIS. IS THERE SOMETHING I CAN DO?
YES. I'M JIM AMES, A WRITER. THE LAD'S MY BROTHER. I'D LIKE TO DO AN ARTICLE ON YOUR WORK HERE. MAY I LOOK AROUND?
TORCH AND TORO ARE LED ON AN INSPECTION...
THIS IS THE MEN'S WARD. OUR ESTABLISHMENT IS SMALL BUT WE FEEL THAT EVERY UNFORTUNATE WE AID IS A SERVICE!
YOUR WORK IS HIGHLY COMMENDABLE!
BUT WHERE'S IT GETTING US?
SOME TIME AFTER---
THAT WAS SOME COOK'S TOUR. THE PLACE LOOKED O.K.
WE COULDN'T GET OUT OF THE TOUR WITHOUT AROUSING SUSPICION!
WE HAVE TO DEAL DIRECTLY WITH DR. KALE! OUR NEXT STEP IS TO GO TO HIS HOME AND---**TORRID TIMBER!** HEAR THAT?
MEEE-O-OW!
KINDLY HAND HOSPITAL

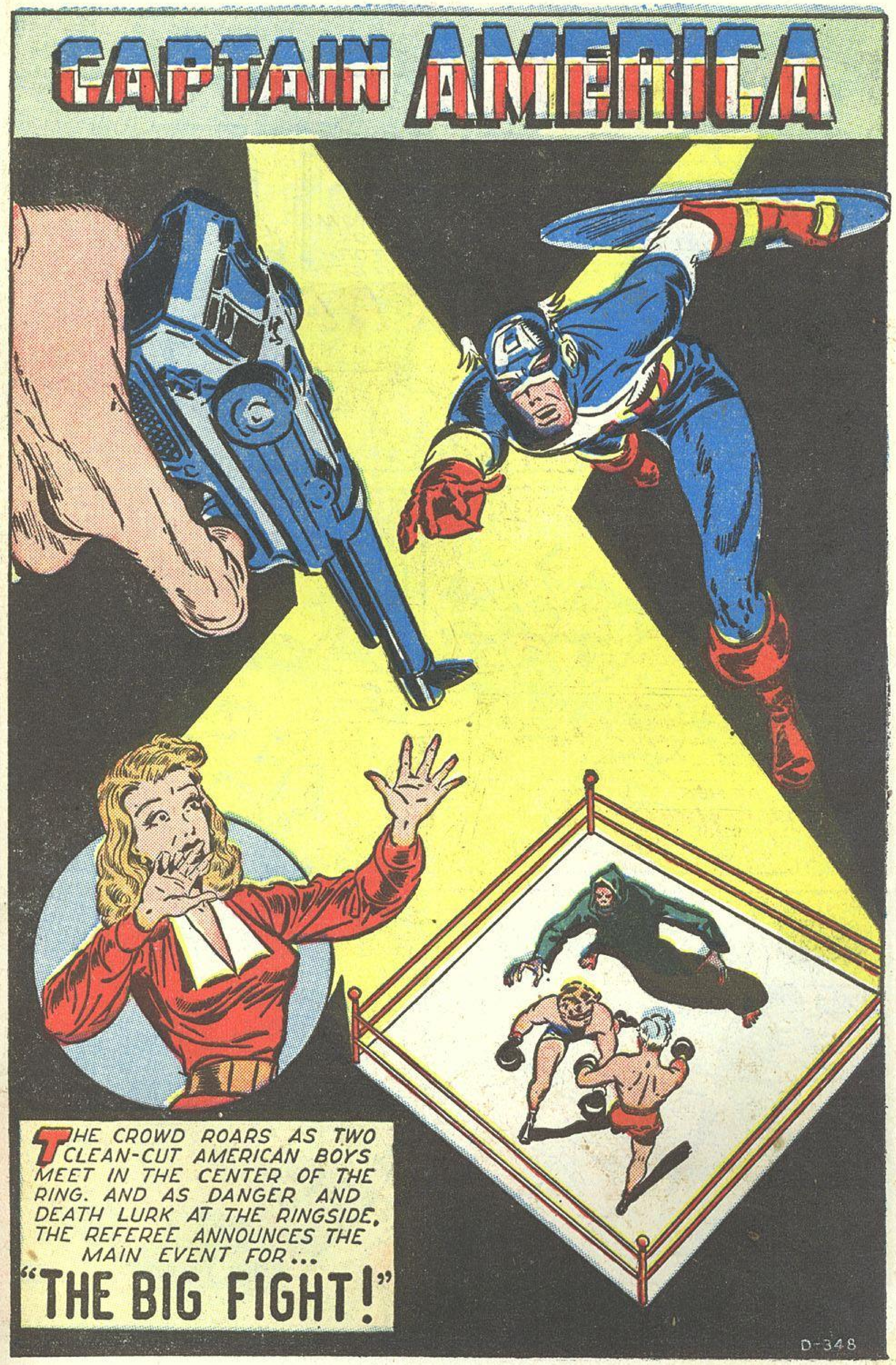

MEE-OW MEEOW!!
GOSH!---ONLY A SMALL CAT! IT HAD ME GOING FOR A MOMENT.
WE ARE GOING TO SEE WHAT FRIGHTENED IT! ---IT ACTS AS IF IT'S BEEN SCARED BY SOMETHING!
PAW PRINTS--TO AND FROM THE CELLAR WINDOW! THE CAT MUST'VE CRAWLED IN AND LEAPED OUT FAST! THIS CALLS FOR A CELLAR TOUR-AS TORCH AND TORO---THAT'S A PLACE WE OVERLOOKED!
LISTEN! THAT FIERCE CAT-CALL!
MEE-OW!
BEHIND THE DOOR, A SCENE OF SHOCKING STRANGENESS!
SH!---SH!---YOU KNOW I'M YOUR FRIEND. YOU MUST OBEY ME LIKE YOU'VE ALWAYS DONE---KEEP QUIET UNTIL NIGHT! THEN---
THEN---GOOD DR. KALE---I KILL--YOU LET ME KILL!
YES---YES---
NO---KALE, YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH!
YOU!
THAT GUN WON'T HELP! A CAT AND A RAT CAUGHT IN A TRAP!

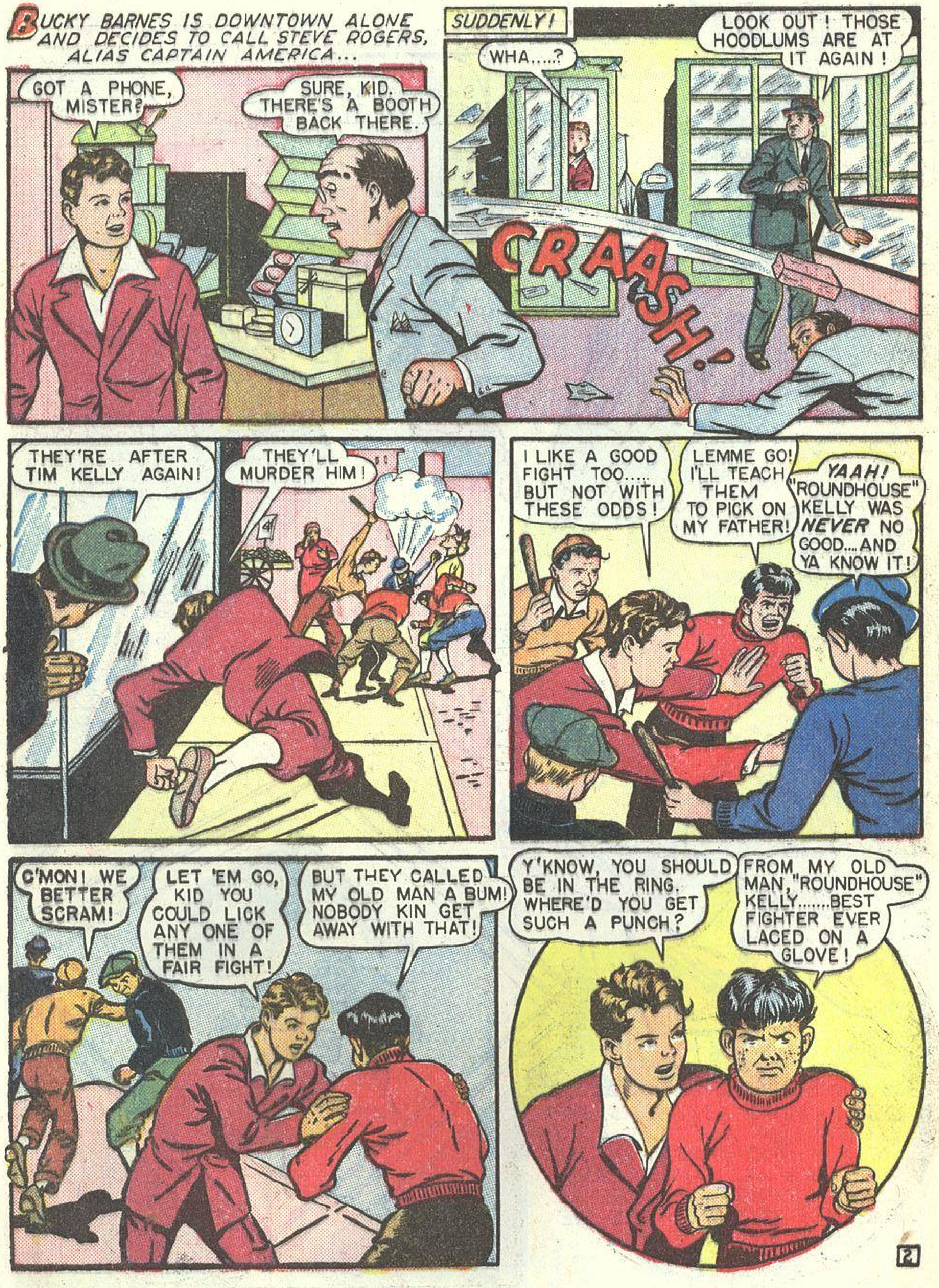

AN INSTANT LATER---
NOT QUITE CAUGHT! I'M GETTING OUT!
DR. KALE--- GOOD FRIEND!
THROUGH THE TRAP DOOR, LAD!
UPSTAIRS-AND THE SPEEDING DUO SPIES DR. FRANCIS----
GOSH, WE LOST HIM!
WHERE'S KALE, DR. FRANCIS? BETTER TALK-AND TALK FAST!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND! I DIDN'T KNOW DR. KALE IS HERE. HE ALREADY MADE HIS CALLS!
THERE'S NOTHING I CAN TELL YOU-- PLEASE----
ALL RIGHT! I GUESS YOU AREN'T IN ON---
TORCH, LOOK AT THIS!
I PULLED THIS MASK OUT OF THE VASE! I SAW A CORNER OF IT POKING OUT!
KALE'S FACE-MASK! I GET IT NOW!
YOU, DR. FRANCIS!
YES, I POSED AS KALE, BUT YOUR KNOWING THAT WON'T HELP! TAKE ONE STEP TOWARD ME, EITHER OF YOU, AND I'LL DROP THIS POWERFUL 2Q8 EXPLOSIVE!

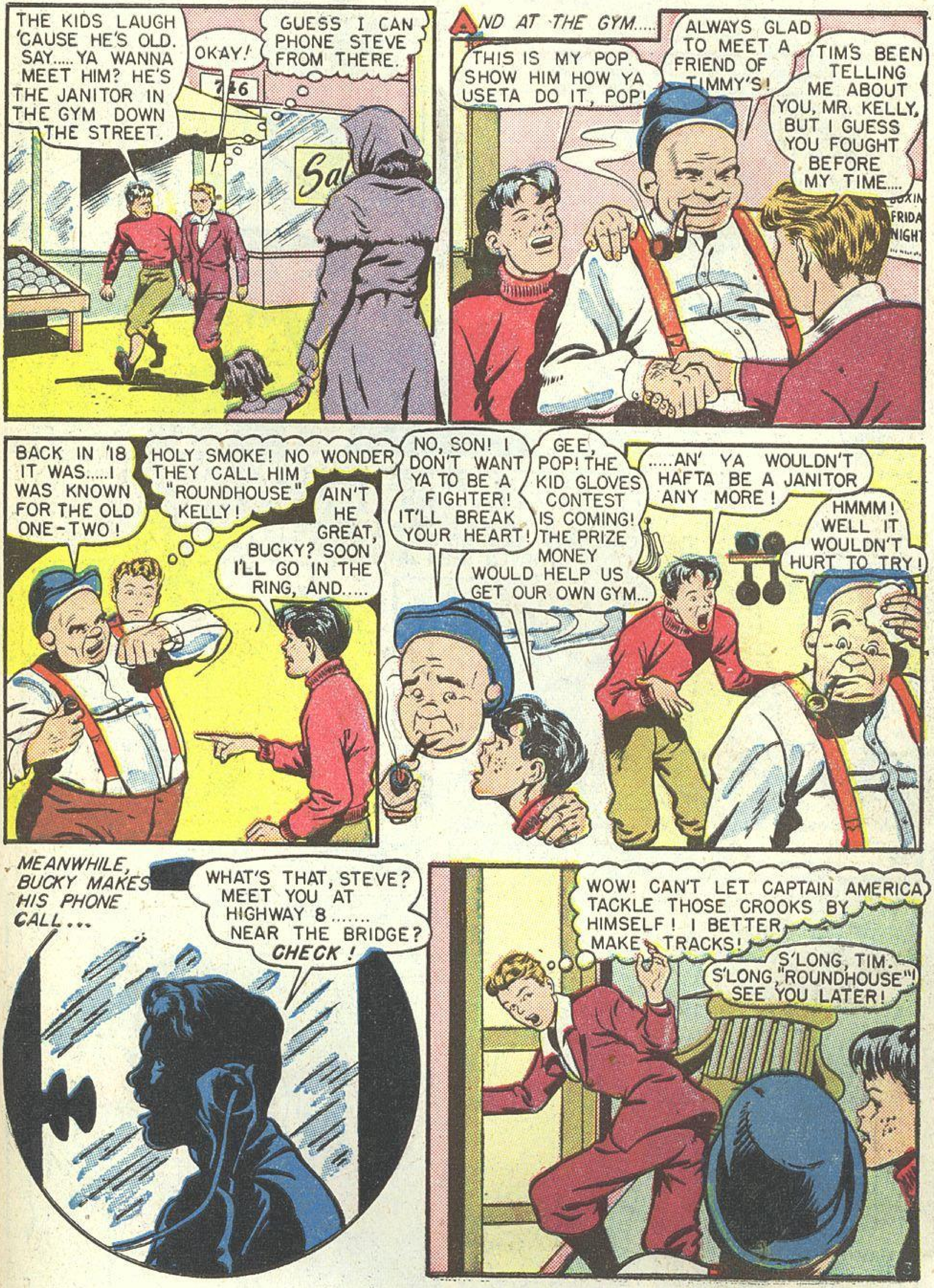

YES---I'LL BLOW UP THE HOSPITAL---AND KILL EVERYONE!
NO! NO! YOU WON'T KILL DR. KALE!
A SUDDEN MADDENED LEAP!
MEEE-OWWW!!
THE FORCE OF HIS ASSAULT ALSO PITS THE CATMAN INTO OPEN SPACE!
IRONICAL---THAT THE CATMAN LEAPED ON FRANCIS TO SAVE KALE!
IT'S THE END NOW!
NOT QUITE---FOR A FISHING SCHOONER NEAR-BY SPEEDS ON THE SCENE!
THIS MAN'S ALIVE!
THIS ONE LOOKS DEAD! JUPITER ON A BICYCLE! IT'S—IT'S A **CATMAN**!
YES, THE CATMAN HAS DROWNED! BUT ANOTHER SORT OF RECKONING AWAITS THE EVIL DOCTOR!
WHERE'D YOU GET THAT CATMAN?
HE WAS A MENTALLY ILL PATIENT WITH A CAT COMPLEX. I FOSTERED IT, MADE HIM THINK HE TURNED INTO A CAT. EVEN CREATED THAT BLACK CAT OUTFIT FOR HIM---BULLET-PROOF, ASBESTOS-LINED TO SAFEGUARD HIS LIFE!
INSTEAD, YOU'VE SEALED **YOUR** DEATH WARRANT!
7
THE END

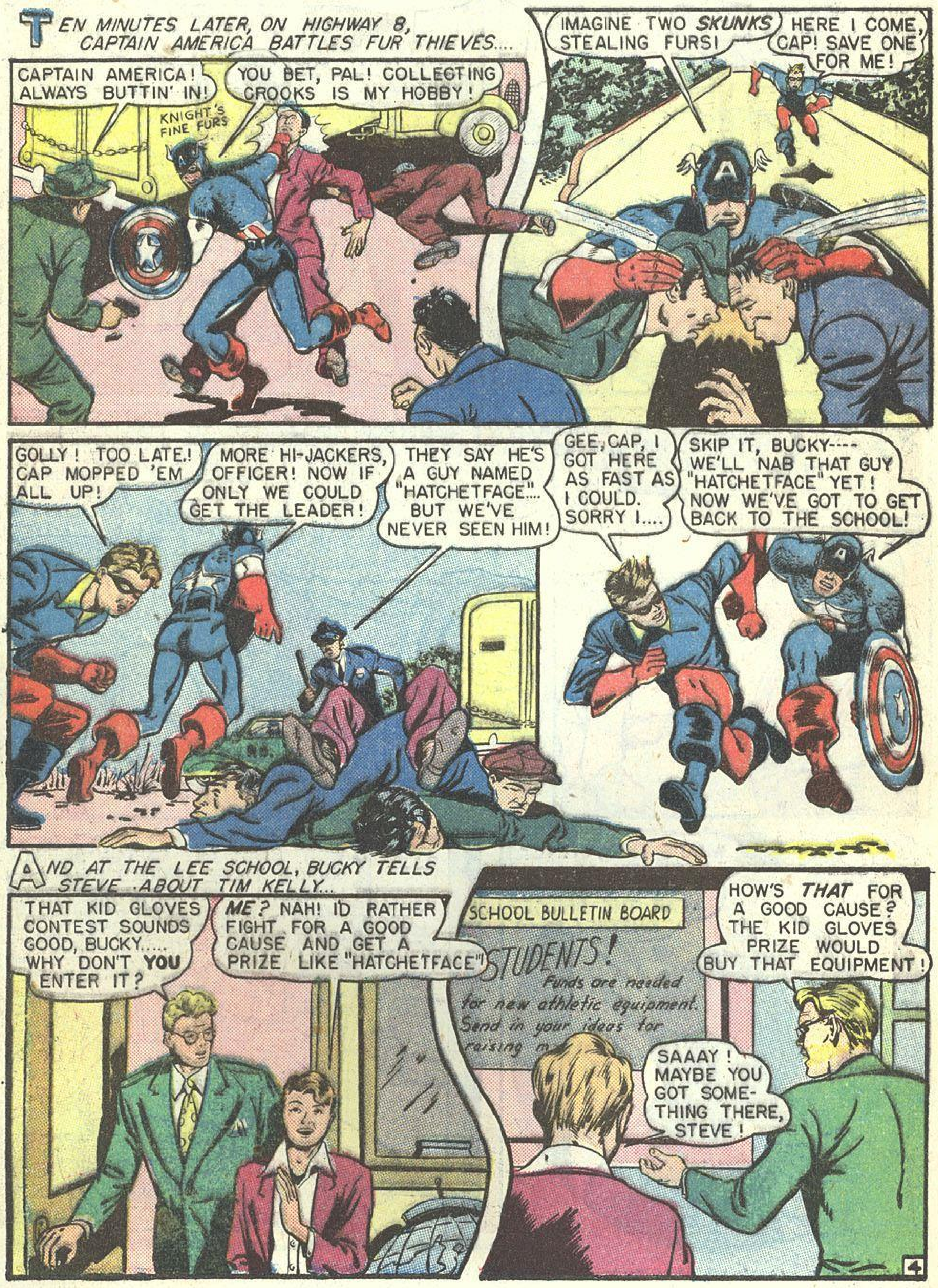

LET'S PLAY DETECTIVE
THE CASE OF THE CARELESS KILLERS
STARRING DETECTIVE MIKE TRAPP
D-266
WELL, MY YOUNG AFFECTIONATE NIECE AND NEPHEW, YOU THINK BEING NICE TO ME WILL MAKE YOU MY HEIRS WHEN I DIE! YOU CAN'T FOOL YOUR OLD AUNT CHRISTY WITH YOUR KINDNESS! TOMORROW MY LAWYER WILL BE HERE AND I'M GOING TO DRAW UP A NEW WILL, LEAVING MY ENTIRE FORTUNE TO CHARITY INSTEAD OF YOU! NOW GET MY SLEEPING TABLETS AND LEAVE ME IN PEACE!
SOMETIME LATER...
SHE'S DEAD, RICHARD! LITTLE DID SHE KNOW WE GAVE HER AN OVERDOSE OF THOSE SLEEPING TABLETS!
BEFORE WE CALL THE POLICE, THERE ARE A FEW DETAILS I HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF! FIRST, WE'LL PICK A FEW PETALS FROM THE GARDENIAS— JUST TO HELP OUR PLAN ALONG!
DETECTIVE MIKE TRAPP IS SOON SUMMONED TO THE SCENE...
MY SISTER AND I HAVEN'T SEEN AUNT CHRISTY FOR SEVERAL DAYS! WHEN WE ARRIVED THIS EVENING, WE DISCOVERED HER DEAD— WITH A BOTTLE OF SLEEPING PILLS AT HER SIDE!
THESE GARDENIAS NEXT TO HER BED ARE WITHERED— THE PETALS HAVE FALLEN FROM THE STEM...
OH, WE BROUGHT THOSE WHEN WE CAME HERE FIVE DAYS AGO!
I'M AFRAID YOUR STORIES WON'T DO! I KNOW YOU TWO FAKED THIS SETTING! BUT YOU WERE TOO CAREFUL, AND OVERLOOKED ONE THING!
LATER...
IT DIDN'T TAKE YOU LONG TO MAKE THOSE TWO "SING"— BUT WHAT WAS THAT ONE THING THEY OVERLOOKED?
THE FLOWER PETALS! YOU SEE, PEPPER, GARDENIAS NEVER SHED THEIR PETALS REGARDLESS OF AGE!

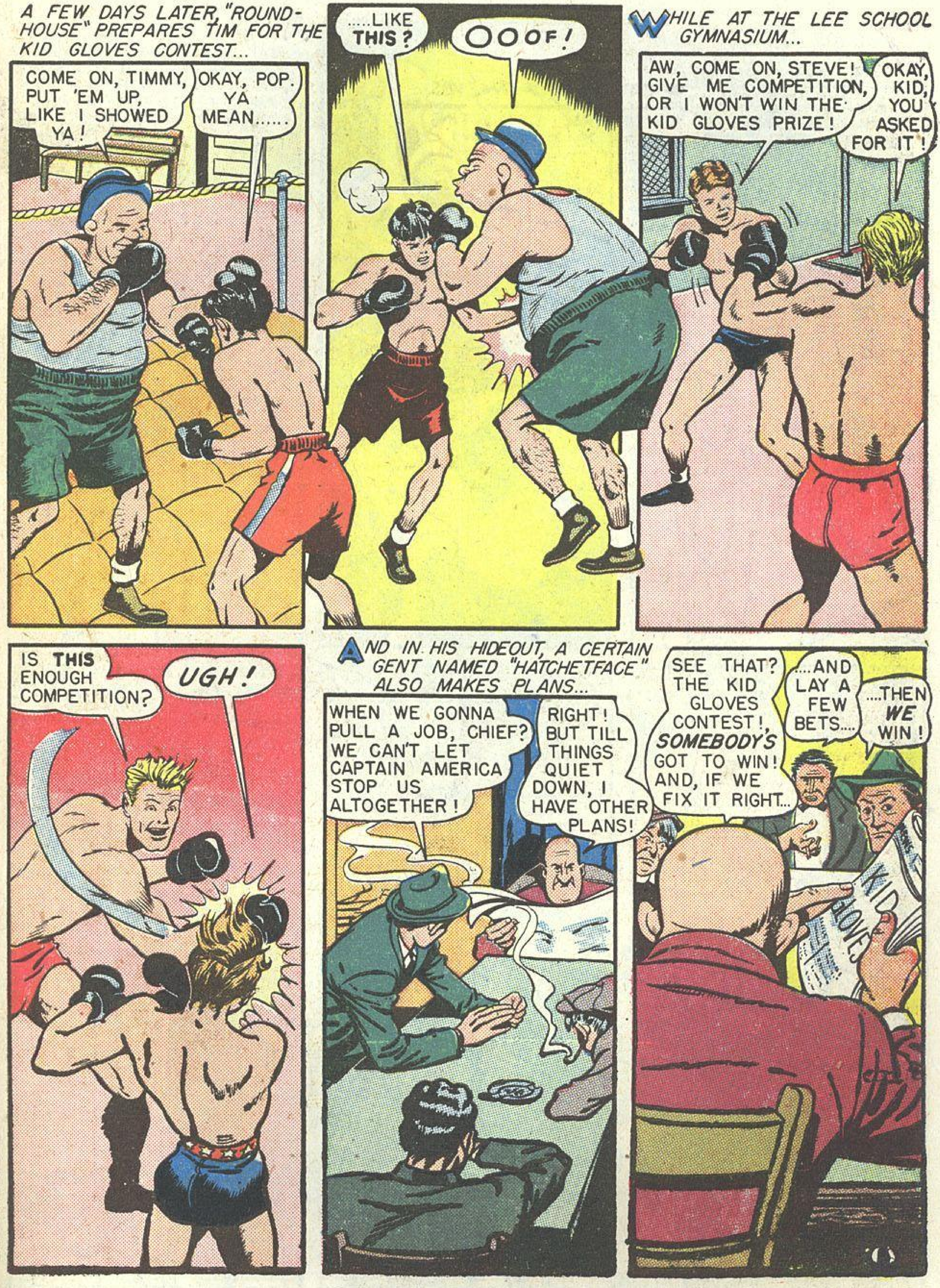
TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR SOLUTION!


CAPTAIN AMERICA
THE CROWD ROARS AS TWO CLEAN-CUT AMERICAN BOYS MEET IN THE CENTER OF THE RING. AND AS DANGER AND DEATH LURK AT THE RINGSIDE, THE REFEREE ANNOUNCES THE MAIN EVENT FOR...
"THE BIG FIGHT!"
D-348

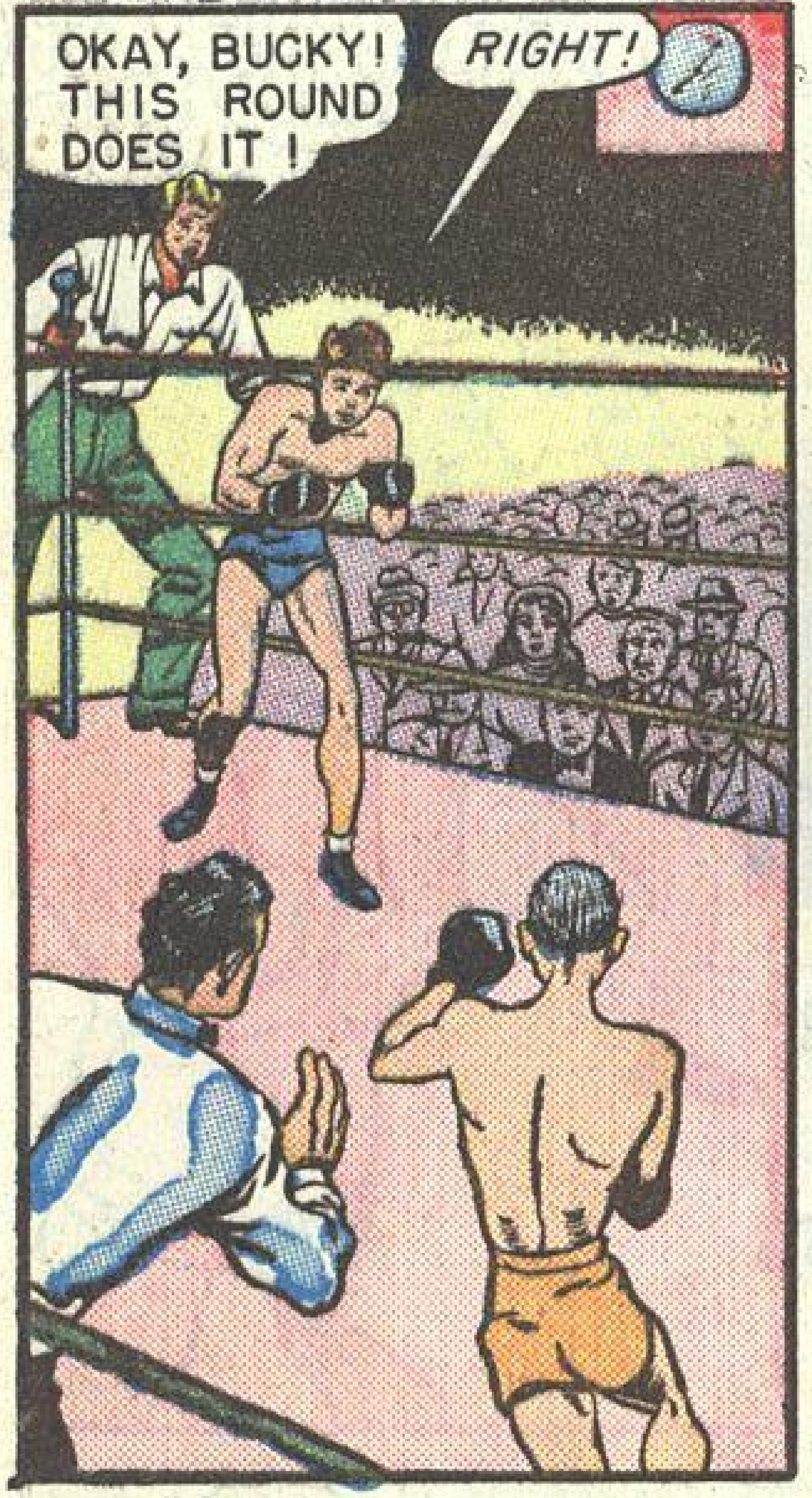

BUCKY BARNES IS DOWNTOWN ALONE AND DECIDES TO CALL STEVE ROGERS, ALIAS CAPTAIN AMERICA...
GOT A PHONE, MISTER?
SURE, KID. THERE'S A BOOTH BACK THERE.
SUDDENLY!
WHA.....?
LOOK OUT! THOSE HOODLUMS ARE AT IT AGAIN!
CRAASH!
THEY'RE AFTER TIM KELLY AGAIN!
THEY'LL MURDER HIM!
I LIKE A GOOD FIGHT TOO..... BUT NOT WITH THESE ODDS!
LEMME GO! I'LL TEACH THEM TO PICK ON MY FATHER!
YAAH! "ROUNDHOUSE" KELLY WAS NEVER NO GOOD....AND YA KNOW IT!
C'MON! WE BETTER SCRAM!
LET 'EM GO, KID YOU COULD LICK ANY ONE OF THEM IN A FAIR FIGHT!
BUT THEY CALLED MY OLD MAN A BUM! NOBODY KIN GET AWAY WITH THAT!
Y'KNOW, YOU SHOULD BE IN THE RING. WHERE'D YOU GET SUCH A PUNCH?
FROM MY OLD MAN, "ROUNDHOUSE" KELLY.......BEST FIGHTER EVER LACED ON A GLOVE!

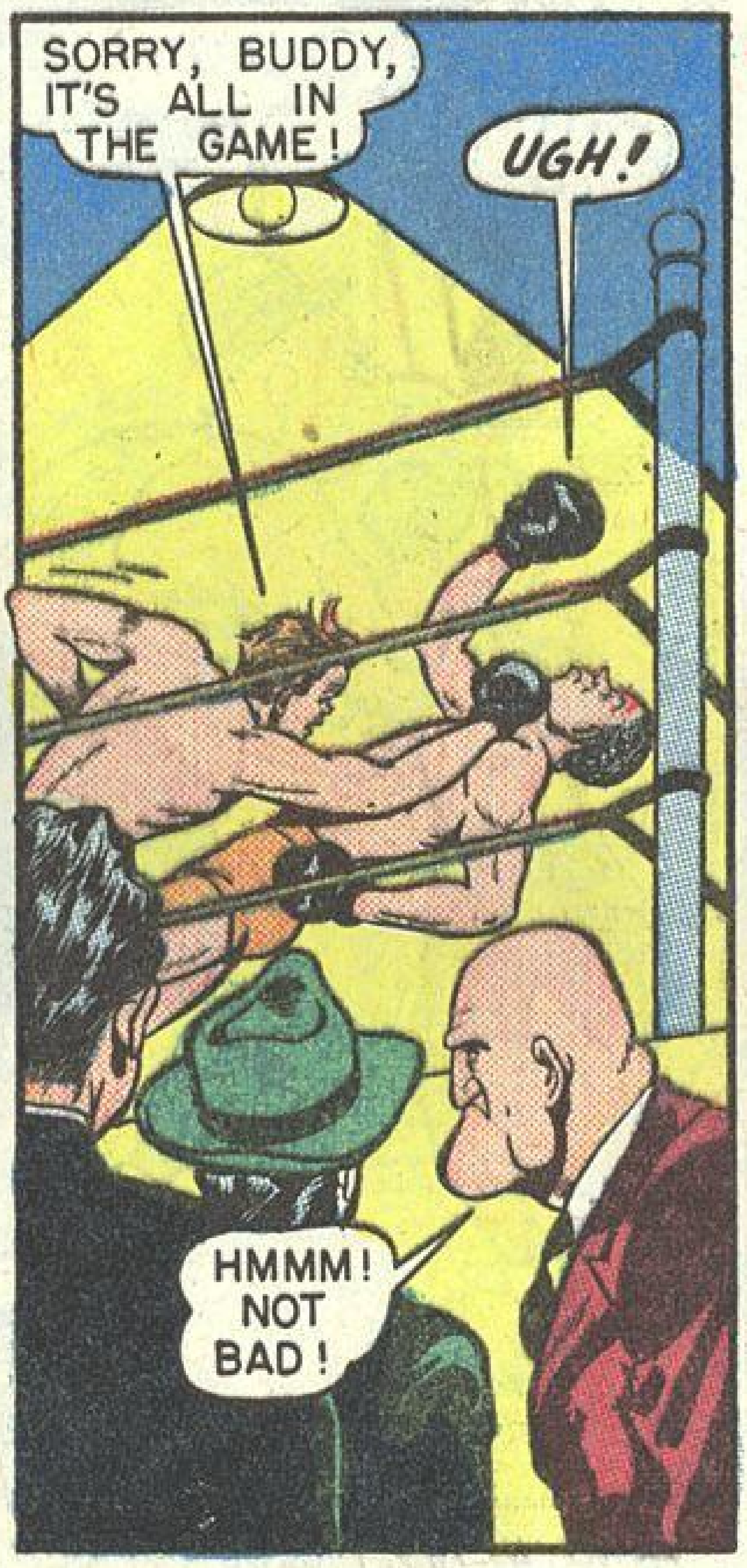

THE KIDS LAUGH 'CAUSE HE'S OLD. SAY..... YA WANNA MEET HIM? HE'S THE JANITOR IN THE GYM DOWN THE STREET.
OKAY!
GUESS I CAN PHONE STEVE FROM THERE.
746
Sal
AND AT THE GYM.....
THIS IS MY POP. SHOW HIM HOW YA USETA DO IT, POP!
ALWAYS GLAD TO MEET A FRIEND OF TIMMY'S!
TIM'S BEEN TELLING ME ABOUT YOU, MR. KELLY, BUT I GUESS YOU FOUGHT BEFORE MY TIME....
BOXIN FRIDA NIGHT
BACK IN '18 IT WAS.....I WAS KNOWN FOR THE OLD ONE-TWO!
HOLY SMOKE! NO WONDER THEY CALL HIM "ROUNDHOUSE" KELLY!
AIN'T HE GREAT, BUCKY? SOON I'LL GO IN THE RING, AND.....
NO, SON! I DON'T WANT YA TO BE A FIGHTER! IT'LL BREAK YOUR HEART!
GEE, POP! THE KID GLOVES CONTEST IS COMING! THE PRIZE MONEY WOULD HELP US GET OUR OWN GYM...
.....AN' YA WOULDN'T HAFTA BE A JANITOR ANY MORE!
HMMM! WELL IT WOULDN'T HURT TO TRY!
MEANWHILE, BUCKY MAKES HIS PHONE CALL...
WHAT'S THAT, STEVE? MEET YOU AT HIGHWAY 8....... NEAR THE BRIDGE? CHECK!
WOW! CAN'T LET CAPTAIN AMERICA TACKLE THOSE CROOKS BY HIMSELF! I BETTER MAKE TRACKS!
S'LONG, TIM. S'LONG, "ROUNDHOUSE"! SEE YOU LATER!


TEN MINUTES LATER, ON HIGHWAY 8, CAPTAIN AMERICA BATTLES FUR THIEVES....
CAPTAIN AMERICA! ALWAYS BUTTIN' IN!
YOU BET, PAL! COLLECTING CROOKS IS MY HOBBY!
KNIGHT'S FINE FURS
IMAGINE TWO SKUNKS STEALING FURS!
HERE I COME, CAP! SAVE ONE FOR ME!
GOLLY! TOO LATE! CAP MOPPED 'EM ALL UP!
MORE HI-JACKERS, OFFICER! NOW IF ONLY WE COULD GET THE LEADER!
THEY SAY HE'S A GUY NAMED "HATCHETFACE"... BUT WE'VE NEVER SEEN HIM!
GEE, CAP, I GOT HERE AS FAST AS I COULD. SORRY I....
SKIP IT, BUCKY---- WE'LL NAB THAT GUY "HATCHETFACE" YET! NOW WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE SCHOOL!
AND AT THE LEE SCHOOL, BUCKY TELLS STEVE ABOUT TIM KELLY...
THAT KID GLOVES CONTEST SOUNDS GOOD, BUCKY..... WHY DON'T YOU ENTER IT?
ME? NAH! ID RATHER FIGHT FOR A GOOD CAUSE AND GET A PRIZE LIKE "HATCHETFACE"!
SCHOOL BULLETIN BOARD
STUDENTS! Funds are needed for new athletic equipment. Send in your ideas for raising m
HOW'S THAT FOR A GOOD CAUSE? THE KID GLOVES PRIZE WOULD BUY THAT EQUIPMENT!
SAAAY! MAYBE YOU GOT SOMETHING THERE, STEVE!

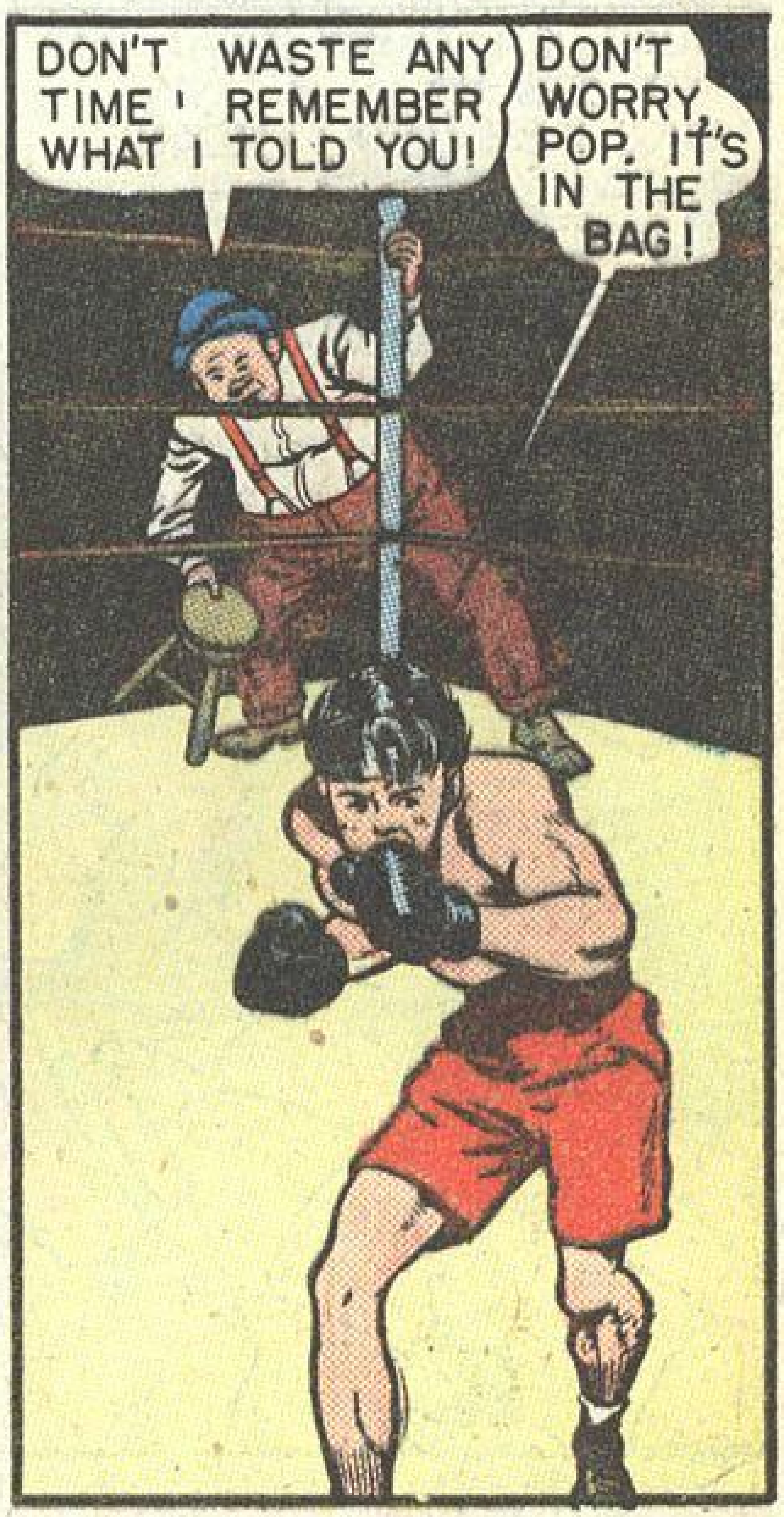

A FEW DAYS LATER, "ROUND-HOUSE" PREPARES TIM FOR THE KID GLOVES CONTEST...
COME ON, TIMMY, PUT 'EM UP, LIKE I SHOWED YA!
OKAY, POP. YA MEAN......
.....LIKE **THIS?**
OOOF!
WHILE AT THE LEE SCHOOL GYMNASIUM...
AW, COME ON, STEVE! GIVE ME COMPETITION, OR I WON'T WIN THE KID GLOVES PRIZE!
OKAY, KID, YOU ASKED FOR IT!
IS **THIS** ENOUGH COMPETITION?
UGH!
AND IN HIS HIDEOUT, A CERTAIN GENT NAMED "HATCHETFACE" ALSO MAKES PLANS...
WHEN WE GONNA PULL A JOB, CHIEF? WE CAN'T LET CAPTAIN AMERICA STOP US ALTOGETHER!
RIGHT! BUT TILL THINGS QUIET DOWN, I HAVE OTHER PLANS!
SEE THAT? THE KID GLOVES CONTEST!, **SOMEBODY'S** GOT TO WIN! AND, IF WE FIX IT RIGHT...
....AND LAY A FEW BETS....
....THEN **WE** WIN!
KID GLOVES

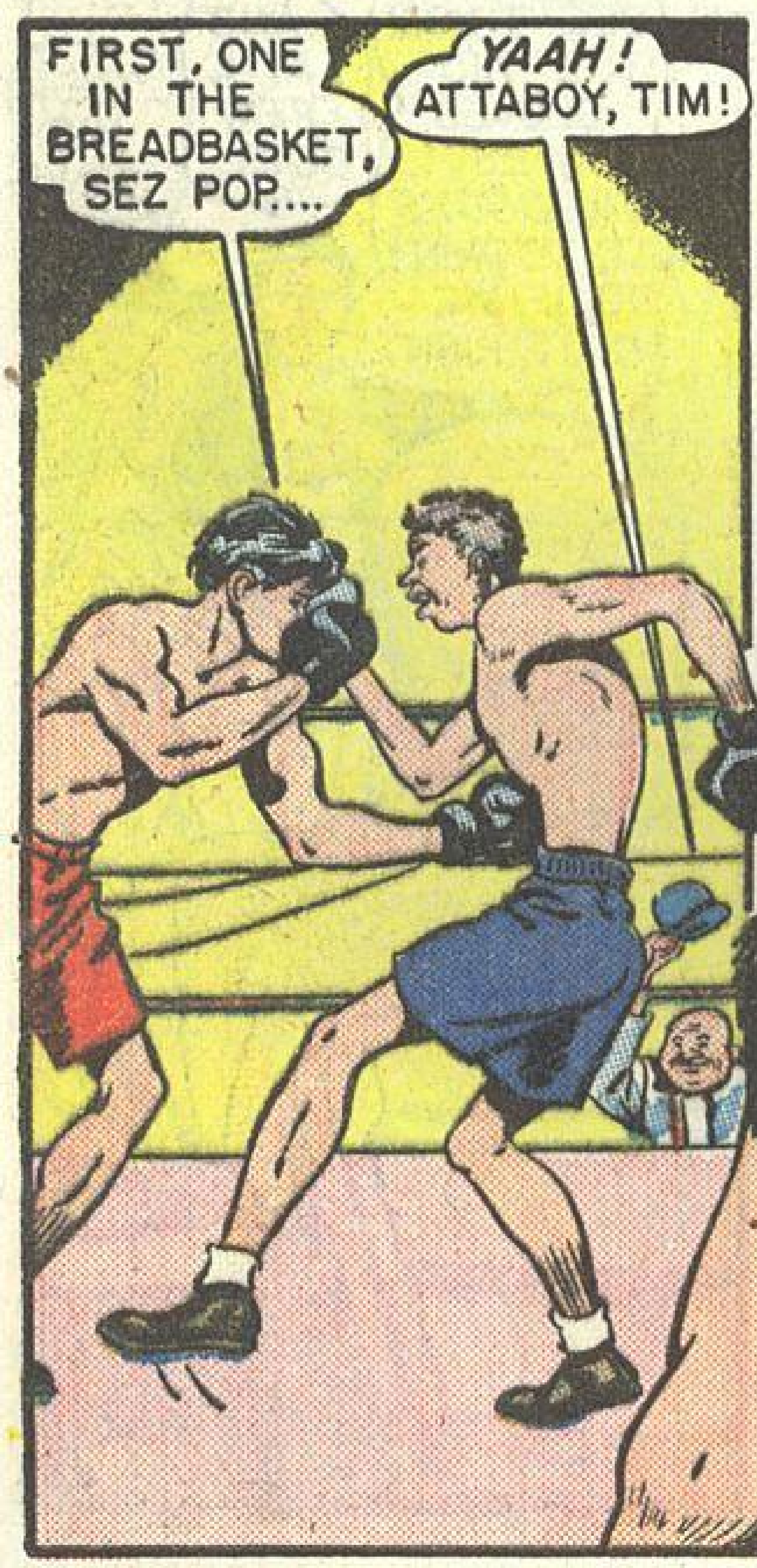
THE KID GLOVES PRELIMINARIES, AS BUCKY STARTS THE THIRD ROUND...

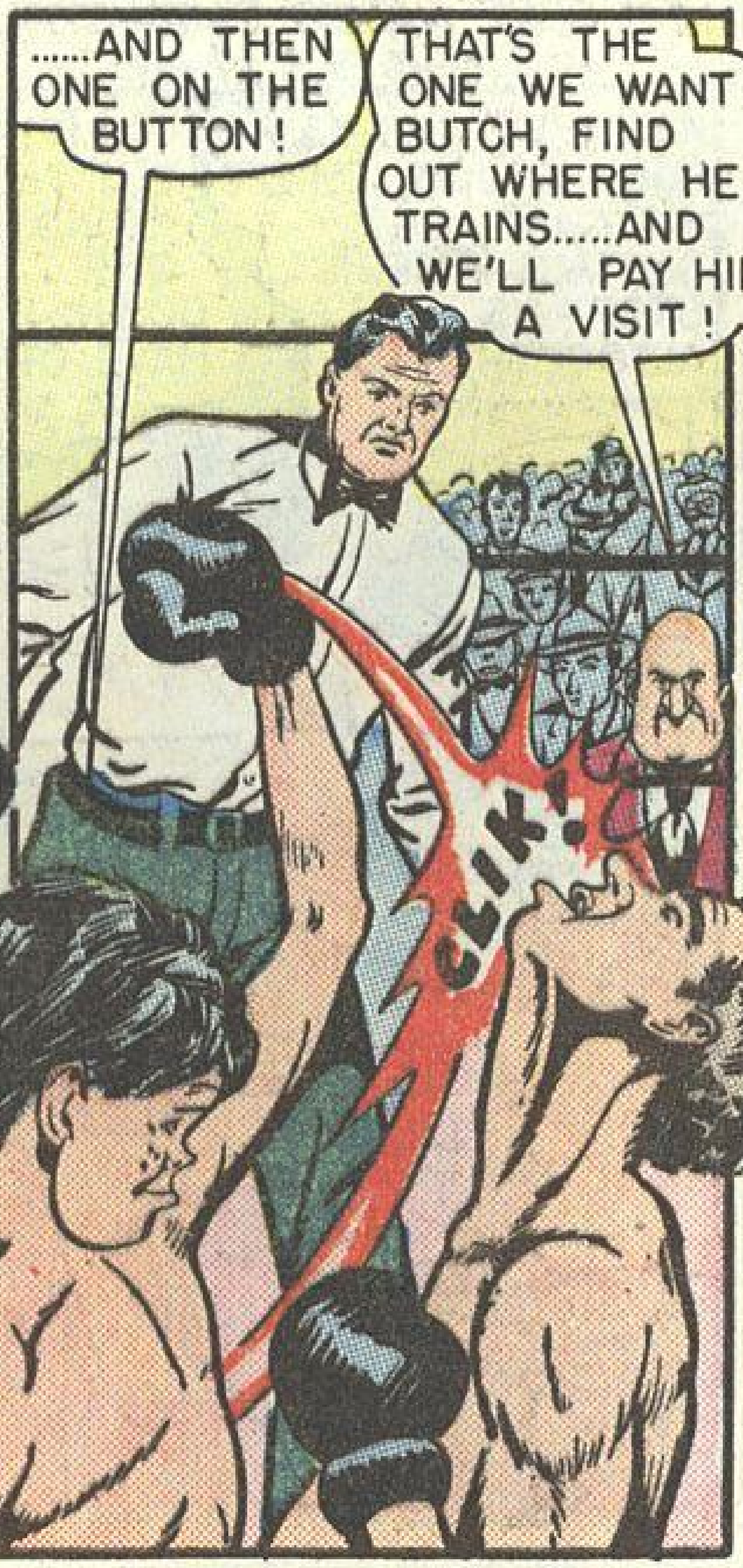

OKAY, BUCKY! THIS ROUND DOES IT!
RIGHT!


SORRY, BUDDY, IT'S ALL IN THE GAME!
UGH!
HMMM! NOT BAD!

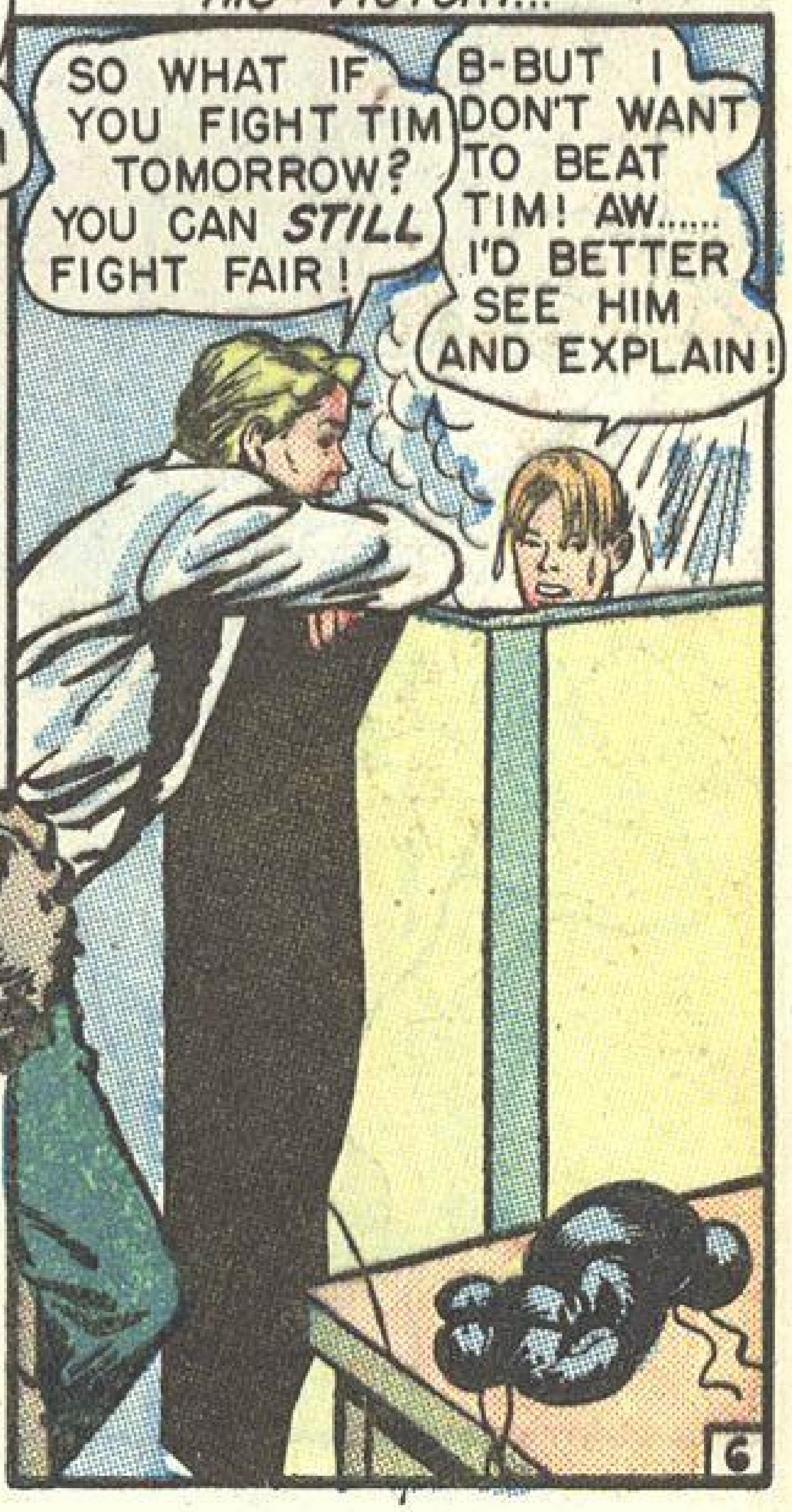
AFTER BUCKY'S VICTORY, TIM KELLY MEETS **HIS** *OPPONENT.*

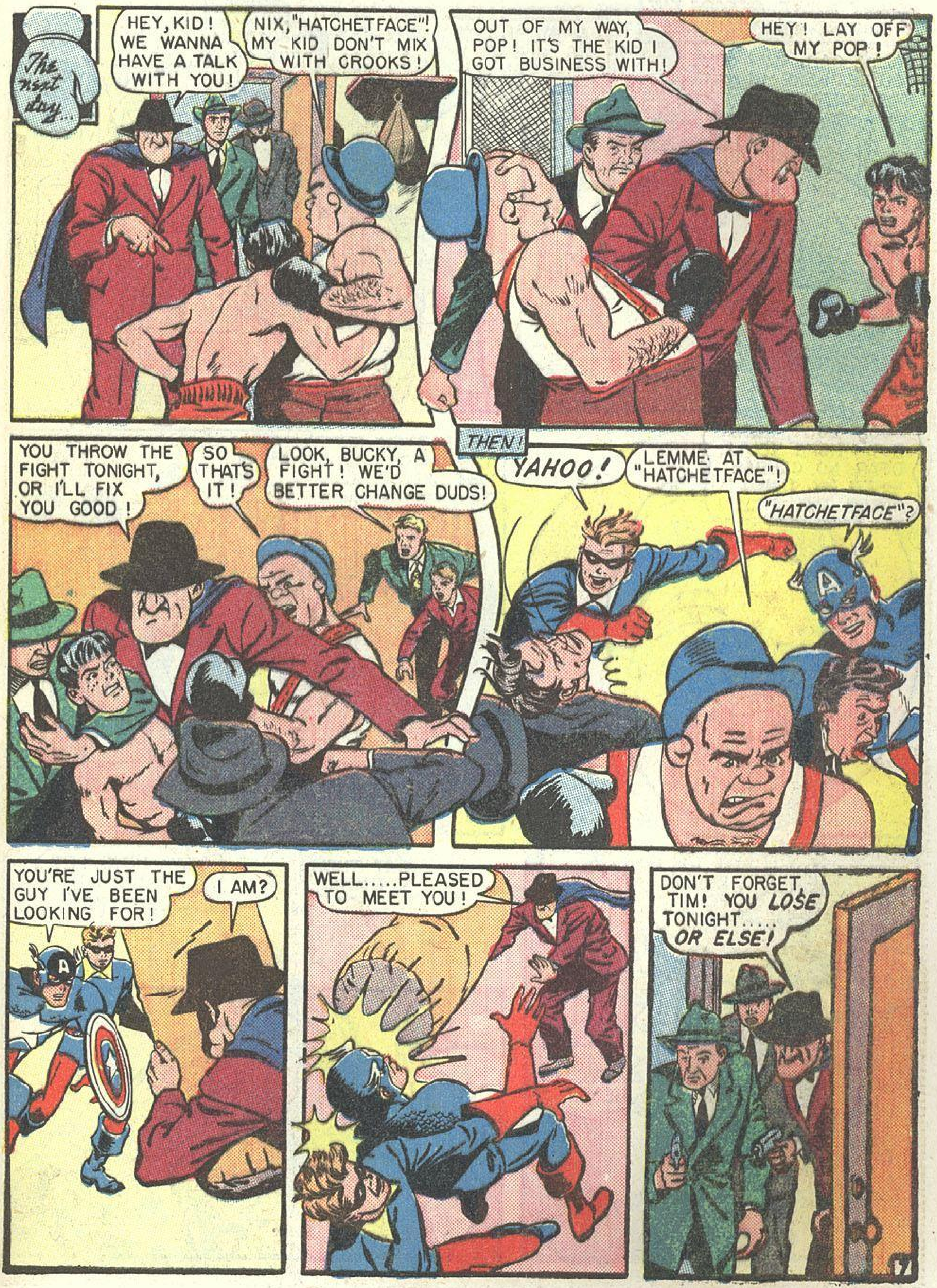

DON'T WASTE ANY TIME! REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU!
DON'T WORRY, POP. IT'S IN THE BAG!

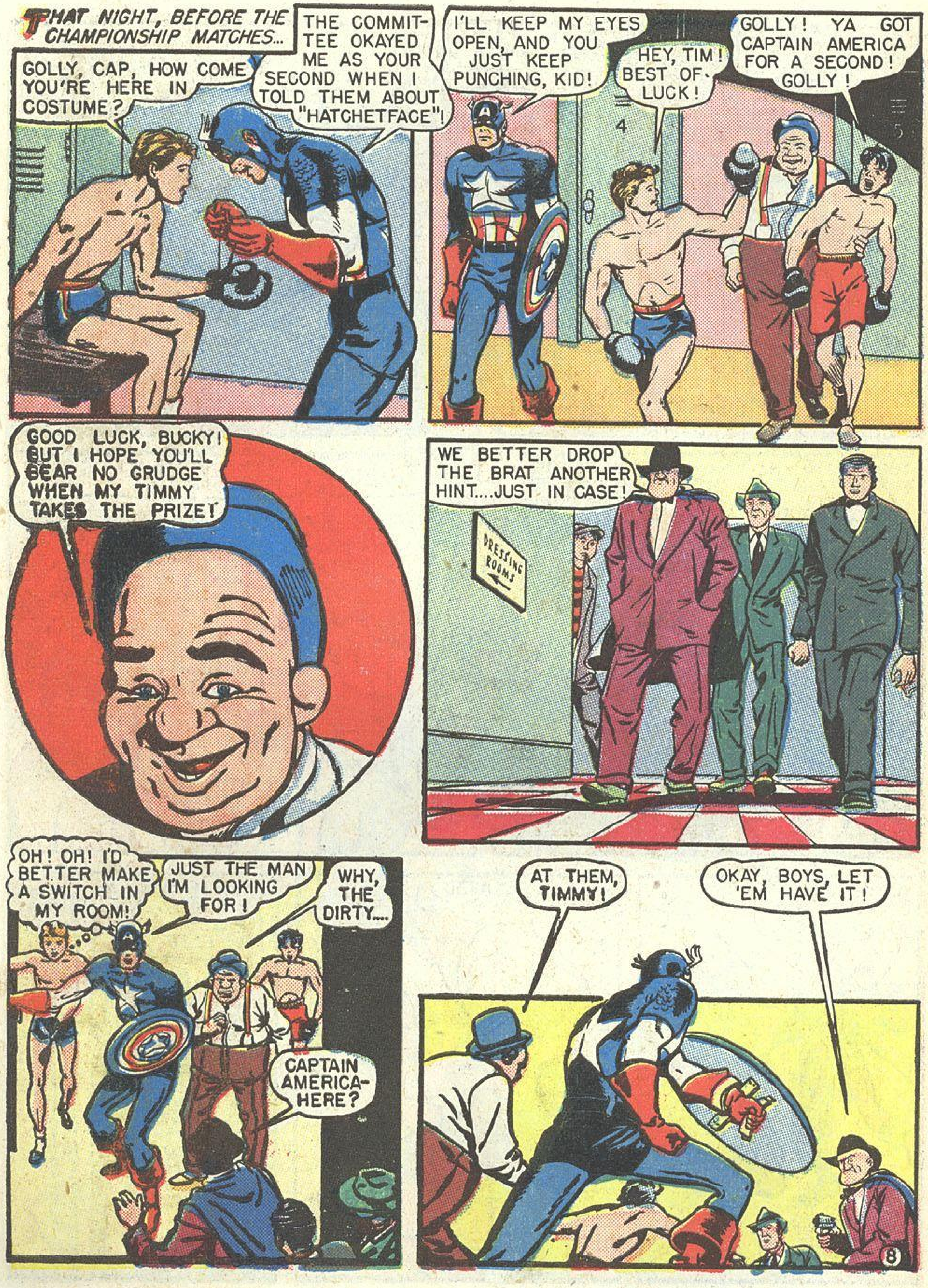

FIRST, ONE IN THE BREADBASKET, SEZ POP....
YAAH! ATTABOY, TIM!

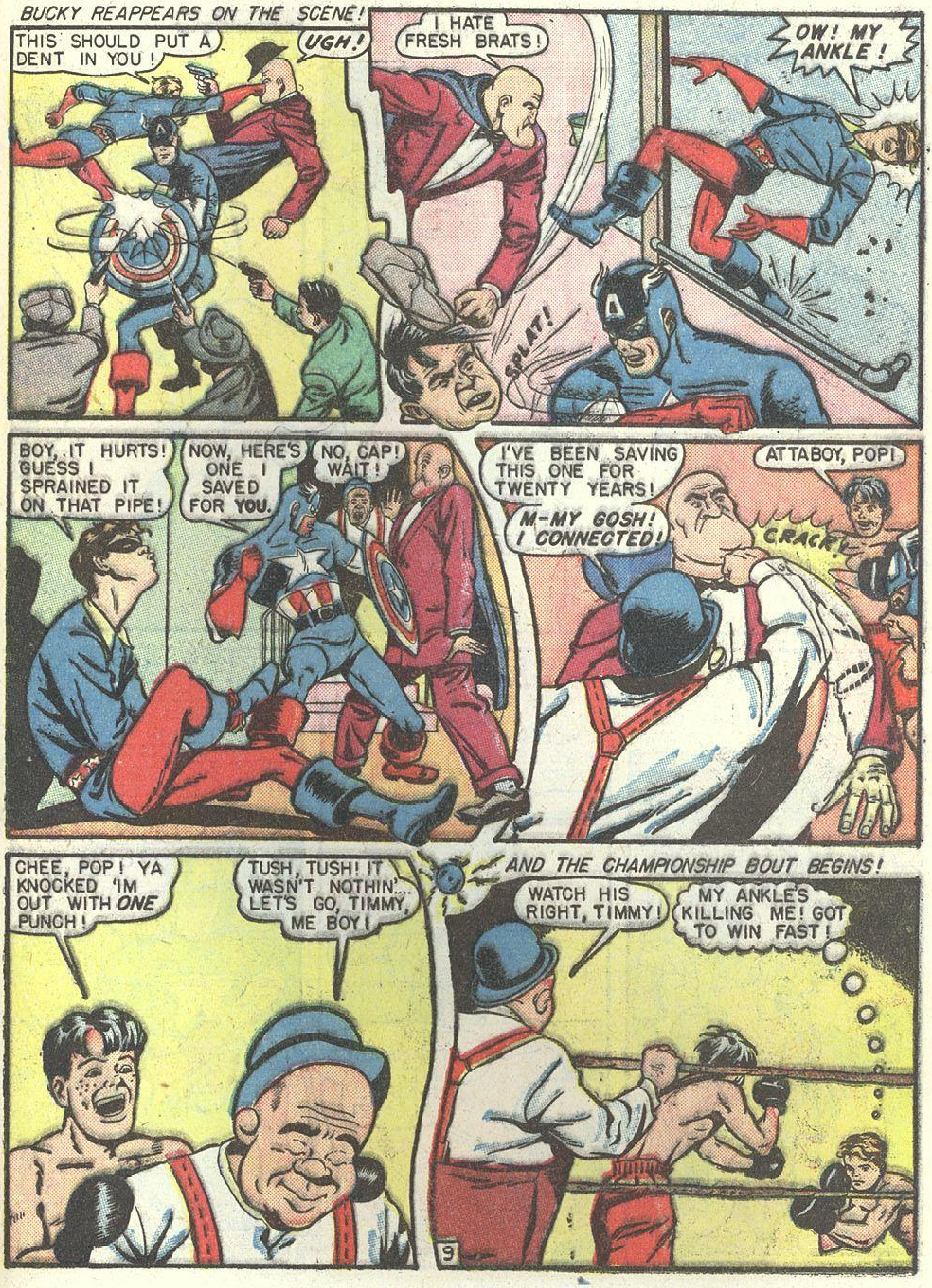

......AND THEN ONE ON THE BUTTON!
THAT'S THE ONE WE WANT! BUTCH, FIND OUT WHERE HE TRAINS.....AND WE'LL PAY HIM A VISIT!
CLIK!

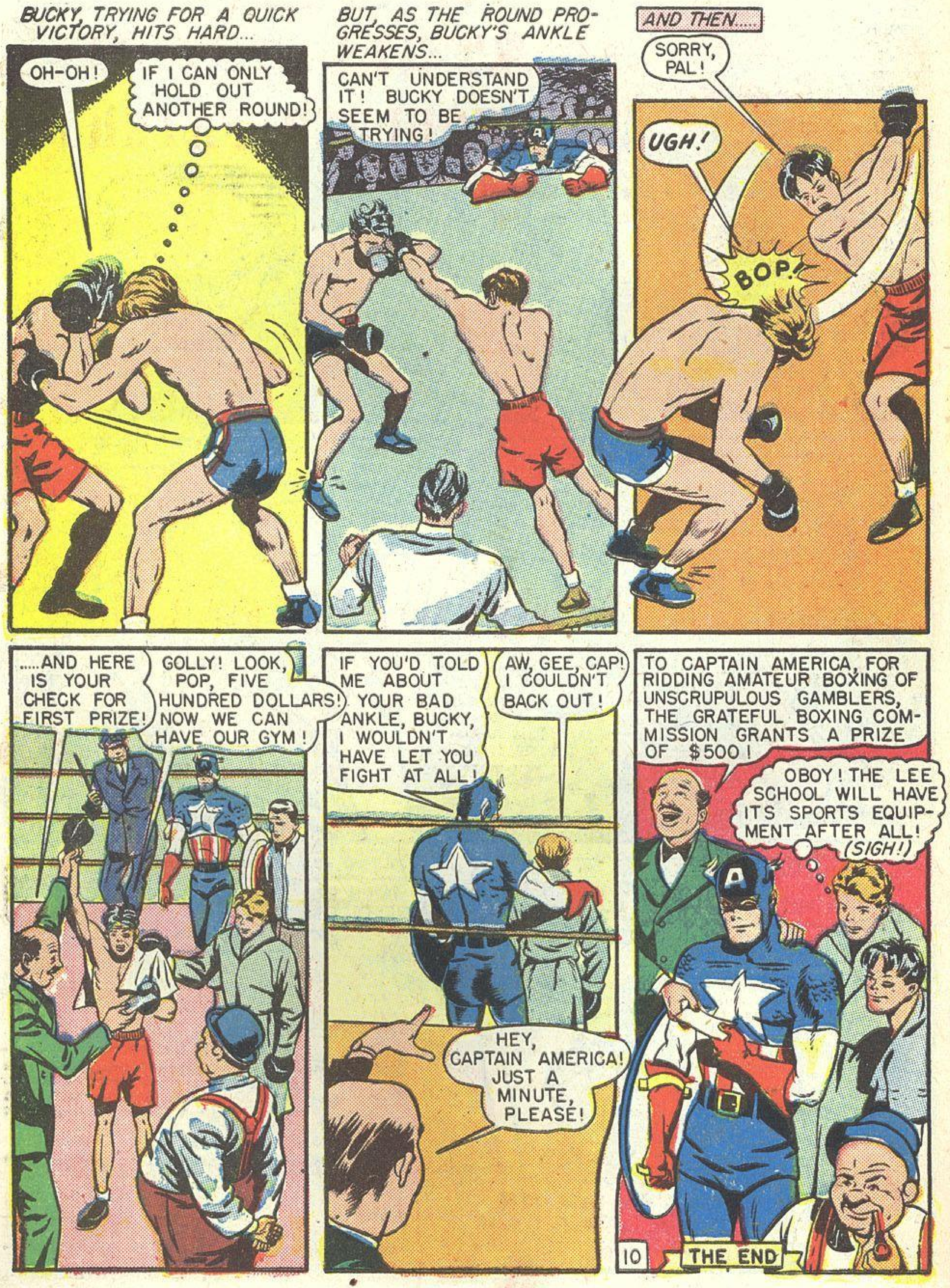
BUT IN HIS DRESSING ROOM, BUCKY ISN'T HAPPY ABOUT HIS VICTORY...

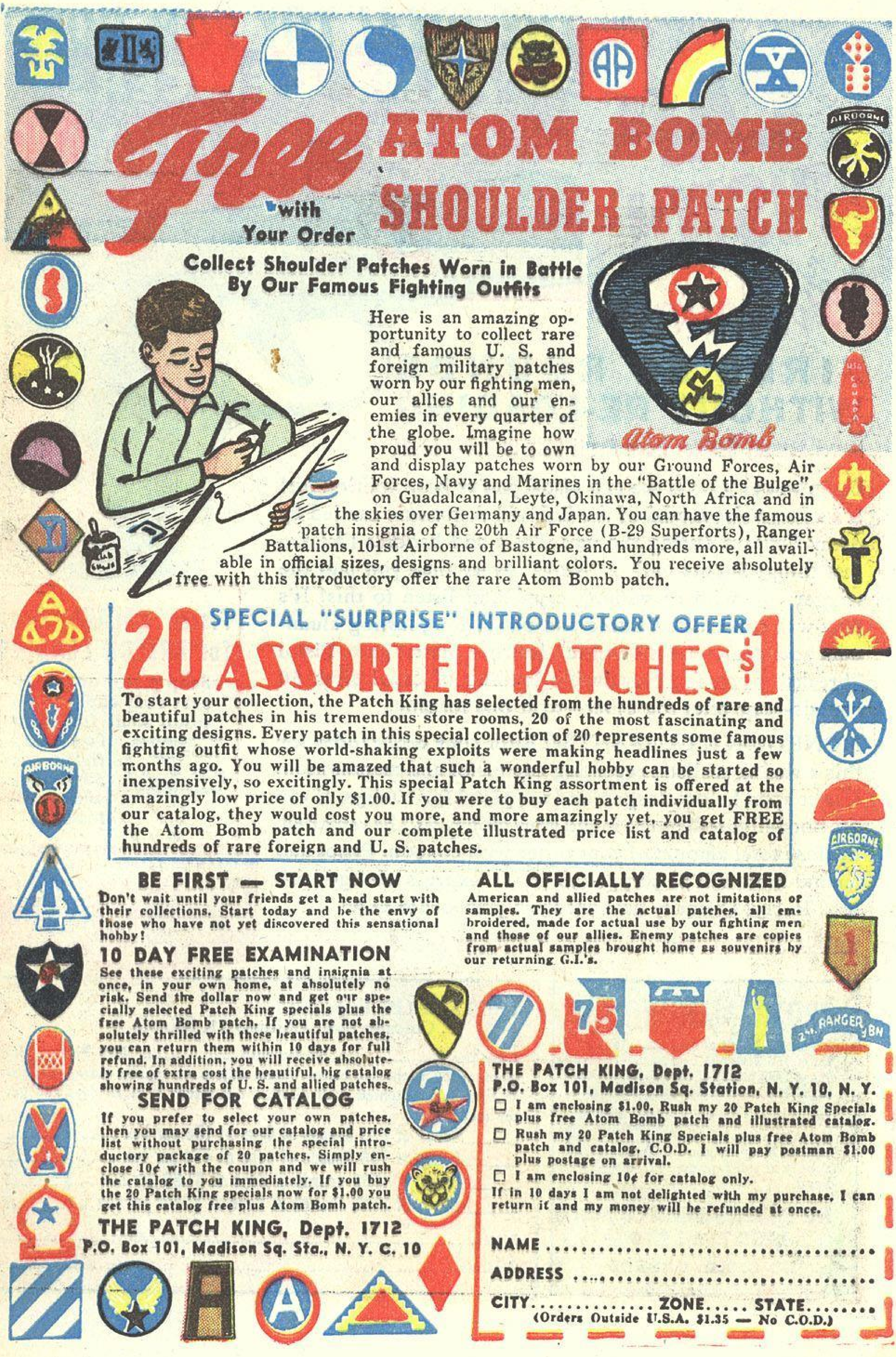

SO WHAT IF YOU FIGHT TIM TOMORROW? YOU CAN *STILL* FIGHT FAIR!
B-BUT I DON'T WANT TO BEAT TIM! AW...... I'D BETTER SEE HIM AND EXPLAIN!


The next day...
HEY, KID! WE WANNA HAVE A TALK WITH YOU!
NIX, "HATCHETFACE"! MY KID DON'T MIX WITH CROOKS!
OUT OF MY WAY, POP! IT'S THE KID I GOT BUSINESS WITH!
HEY! LAY OFF MY POP!
THEN!
YOU THROW THE FIGHT TONIGHT, OR I'LL FIX YOU GOOD!
SO THAT'S IT!
LOOK, BUCKY, A FIGHT! WE'D BETTER CHANGE DUDS!
YAHOO!
LEMME AT "HATCHETFACE"!
"HATCHETFACE"?
YOU'RE JUST THE GUY I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!
I AM?
WELL.....PLEASED TO MEET YOU!
DON'T FORGET, TIM! YOU *LOSE* TONIGHT..... *OR ELSE!*


THAT NIGHT, BEFORE THE CHAMPIONSHIP MATCHES...
GOLLY, CAP, HOW COME YOU'RE HERE IN COSTUME?
THE COMMITTEE OKAYED ME AS YOUR SECOND WHEN I TOLD THEM ABOUT "HATCHETFACE"!
I'LL KEEP MY EYES OPEN, AND YOU JUST KEEP PUNCHING, KID!
HEY, TIM! BEST OF LUCK!
GOLLY! YA GOT CAPTAIN AMERICA FOR A SECOND! GOLLY!
4
5
GOOD LUCK, BUCKY! BUT I HOPE YOU'LL BEAR NO GRUDGE WHEN MY TIMMY TAKES THE PRIZE!
WE BETTER DROP THE BRAT ANOTHER HINT....JUST IN CASE!
DRESSING ROOMS
OH! OH! I'D BETTER MAKE A SWITCH IN MY ROOM!
JUST THE MAN I'M LOOKING FOR!
WHY, THE DIRTY....
CAPTAIN AMERICA-HERE?
AT THEM, TIMMY!
OKAY, BOYS, LET 'EM HAVE IT!


BUCKY REAPPEARS ON THE SCENE!
THIS SHOULD PUT A DENT IN YOU!
UGH!
I HATE FRESH BRATS!
OW! MY ANKLE!
SPLAT!
BOY, IT HURTS! GUESS I SPRAINED IT ON THAT PIPE!
NOW, HERE'S ONE I SAVED FOR **YOU**.
NO, CAP! WAIT!
I'VE BEEN SAVING THIS ONE FOR TWENTY YEARS!
M-MY GOSH! I CONNECTED!
ATTABOY, POP!
CRACK!
CHEE, POP! YA KNOCKED 'IM OUT WITH *ONE* PUNCH!
TUSH, TUSH! IT WASN'T NOTHIN'... LET'S GO, TIMMY, ME BOY!
AND THE CHAMPIONSHIP BOUT BEGINS!
WATCH HIS RIGHT, TIMMY!
MY ANKLE'S KILLING ME! GOT TO WIN FAST!


BUCKY, TRYING FOR A QUICK VICTORY, HITS HARD...
OH-OH!
IF I CAN ONLY HOLD OUT ANOTHER ROUND!
BUT, AS THE ROUND PROGRESSES, BUCKY'S ANKLE WEAKENS...
CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! BUCKY DOESN'T SEEM TO BE TRYING!
A
AND THEN.....
SORRY, PAL!
UGH!
BOP!
.....AND HERE IS YOUR CHECK FOR FIRST PRIZE!
GOLLY! LOOK, POP, FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS! NOW WE CAN HAVE OUR GYM!
IF YOU'D TOLD ME ABOUT YOUR BAD ANKLE, BUCKY, I WOULDN'T HAVE LET YOU FIGHT AT ALL!
AW, GEE, CAP! I COULDN'T BACK OUT!
HEY, CAPTAIN AMERICA! JUST A MINUTE, PLEASE!
TO CAPTAIN AMERICA, FOR RIDDING AMATEUR BOXING OF UNSCRUPULOUS GAMBLERS, THE GRATEFUL BOXING COMMISSION GRANTS A PRIZE OF $500!
OBOY! THE LEE SCHOOL WILL HAVE ITS SPORTS EQUIPMENT AFTER ALL! (SIGH!)
A
10
THE END



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______Boxes of 250 Rounds of Caps at 15c per box . . . . $______
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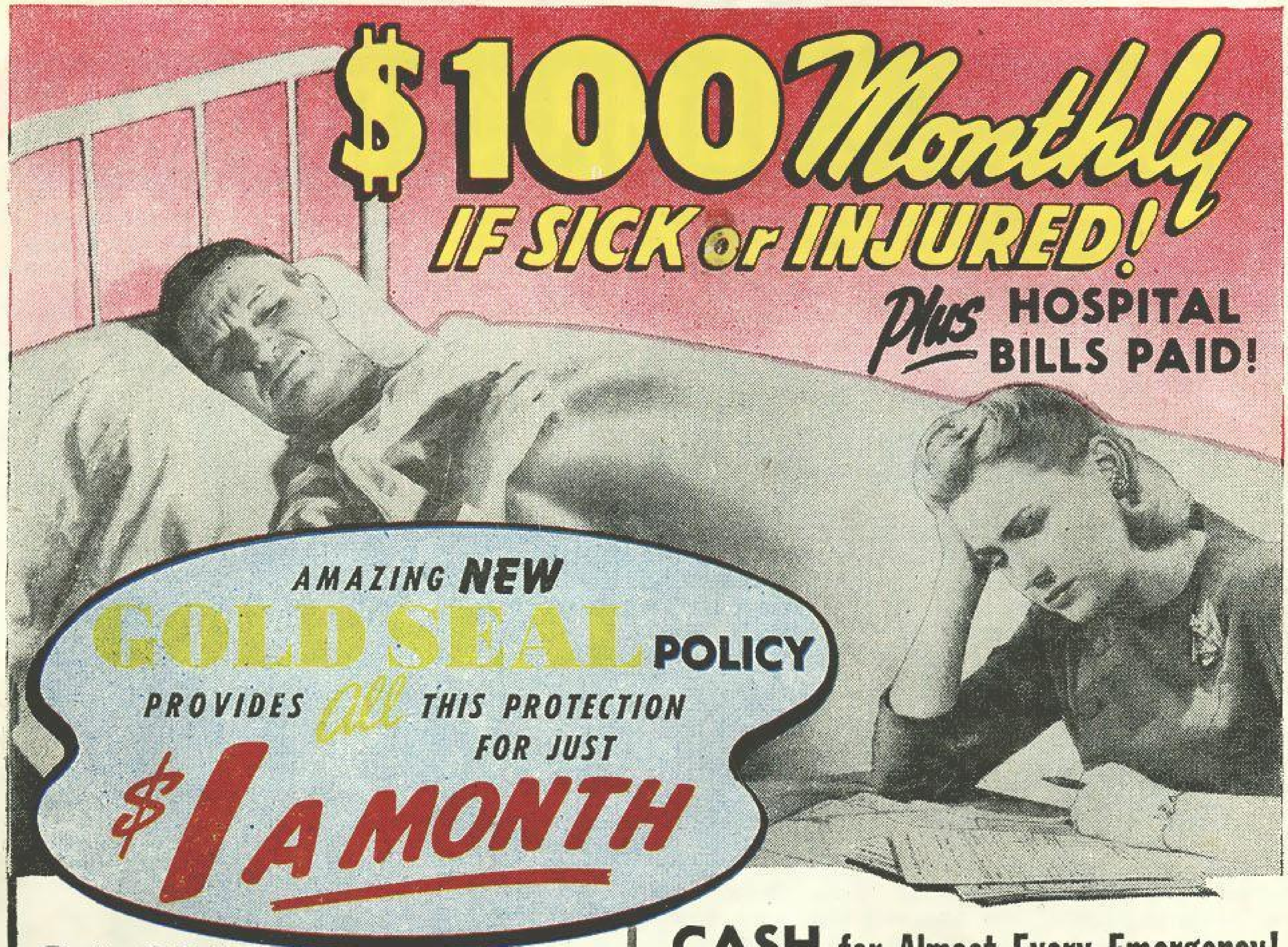
Address..State.................



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